

MID-WEEK PICTORIAL



*A special separate
supplement
is issued with
his number*

KITCHENER, BRITAIN'S MAN OF EMERGENCY.
Earl Kitchener, the British War Minister, who has been in the
Near East looking after the Allies' interests. His interview with
King Constantine of Greece is reported to have influenced the
Greek Government to assume an attitude favorable to the Allies
in the Balkan situation.

(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)

*The special supplement in this issue
is entitled "For Country!" It is a
large detached rotogravure of the
painting by Lionel Royer.*

The New York Times MID-WEEK PICTORIAL

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Ancestors.

THE visit of Emperor Yoshihito of Japan to worship his ancestor Jimmu at the tomb of the first Emperor and founder of the Japanese Empire was little different in its religious feeling from the pious Catholic's pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint. The Japanese are said to have no religion. They have. It is a religion of patriotism, in which ancestor-worship is of prime significance. In the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 it was the spirits of their ancestors, believed to be actually present upon the fields of battle, unnumbered generations of the dead, that nerved the hearts and the hands of the Japanese soldiers to victory.

Ancestor-worship among the savages of Australia or the Malay Peninsula; ancestor-worship among the highly civilized Greeks and Romans; ancestor-worship in militaristic Germany, which gets its inspiration from the dead Iron Chancellor and Frederick the Great, from Otto, son of Widukind, and from Odin, father of the Teutonic race; ancestor-worship in Belgium, with Maeterlinck as its high priest declaring his faith in the souls of the dead heroes "gathered and absorbed by our own souls"; ancestor-worship revealed in Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg—all show that it is part of a universal religion answering human needs.

"Raising the Dead."

ANIMALS and men in whom the heart had ceased to beat have been brought back from death—as physicians had hitherto understood death—by an "apparatus restoring respiration through pharyngeal insufflation." Thus Dr. S. J. Meltzer, its inventor, scientifically describes it. Dr. Meltzer, who is the head of the department of physiology and pharmacology at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York City, did not patent the 6-foot rubber tube, contrived with bellows, and a nicked mouth-piece for insertion through the wind-pipe to keep up a continuous aeration of a patient's lungs without the necessity of his breathing.

There is no commercial exploitation of this surgical invention that imitates the function of taking in breath and exhaling it. German military surgeons are using it to restore soldiers—presumably those of the Anglo-French allies as well as their own—who have been overcome by gas bombs. It has been tried out upon animals experimentally in this country, and after that on hospital patients whose lungs might otherwise have collapsed during operations or who were suffering deep surgical shock. Possibly before he dies Dr. Meltzer will have the satisfaction of knowing that his merciful breather has saved more lives than a great battle would lose.

Defense Through the Ether.

THAT nations can be defended by other agencies than those of earth or air would have been unthinkable to a Bismarck or a Napoleon. The ether, which Sir Oliver Lodge says is more rigid than iron, could not in their day be made to vibrate intelligence through wide circles of space. It seems strange that two radio-telegraphic associations should be organizing, not trained students of this most mysterious of nature's potentialities over which

man has gained ascendancy, but amateurs.

The Radio League and the National Amateur Wireless Association, which is formed under the auspices of the Marconi Company, have been gathering members by hundreds under a plan to develop amateur wireless operators into patriotic engineers of the ether under a plan co-ordinated with the needs of the Army and Navy.

The young Addison established his literary fame by his poetical figure of Wellington riding the whirlwind and directing the storm. If the hints given out by inventors are well based, to the effect that force as well as intelligence may soon be transmitted over distances through the ether, poets of the future may adopt subtler figures to sing the victories of generals.

Panama Slides.

A PROFESSOR of economic geology at Johns Hopkins, just returned from Central America, authorizes the report that General Goethals has altered a famous motto to read "Life is one dam slide after another."

The builder of the Panama Canal has begun, as already explained to Mid-Week Pictorial readers by ex-Chief Engineer John F. Wallace, to mend radically the defect of the banks at Culebra Cut by encouraging the slides with dynamite. When the grade of the banks is reduced sufficiently in steepness the slides will cease. But it is occasion for dismay that Prof. Singewald should say that the blasting and dredging must be kept up for several years before the great waterway is clear of obstruction.

When Woman Proposes.

NOT waiting for leap year and its mythical privilege, Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain, suffragist and propagandist in many directions, has confessed, acknowledged, and proclaimed that she proposed marriage three several times before she was finally accepted by a coy masculine Belgian. Mrs. Boissevain is not ill-

find themselves engaged they may persuade themselves that it was on their masculine initiative. That is a sop to their vanity which the other partner to the romantic contract has seldom the heart or the wish to deny them.

Dangerous Words.

WHILE the soil of Germany is free, and her armies everywhere in the enemy's territory, Maximilian Harden dares say in the *Zukunft* of Berlin that "none of her enemies has been disarmed, none of them seems to be near collapse, and the mightiest of them, England, cannot honestly be said to have been even seriously wounded." We have yet to read the report that the *Zukunft* has been suppressed for these candid words.

They are dangerous in their candor, but not dangerous to Germany. It is not of good omen to Britain that a German editor is thus permitted to invite his countrymen to a frank view of the facts.

Sir Herbert in the Movies.

WHO three scant years ago would have predicted that the greatest actors of this time would condescend to the movies? Who would have thought that Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree would cross a stormy ocean and a great continent to devote several months of his career to acting before motion picture machines in California?

The proprietor and manager of His Majesty's Theatre, famous for his rôles and his lectures on "The Imaginative Faculty," on "Hamlet from an Actor's Prompt Book," and on "Henry VIII. and His Court," was not, of course, the first by whom the new was tried in this field of the drama. That he tries it now a little reluctantly is shown by his announcement that, as he has not acted in New York for seventeen years, he will not give all his time to the movies; he will play in repertoire some of the productions he has made since his last professional visit, including "Henry VIII.," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and some other Shakespearian plays.



AMBASSADOR'S WIFE IN RED CROSS WORK.

Mrs. Morgenthau, the wife of the United States Ambassador to Turkey, in the Red Cross Hospital in Constantinople which she helped to establish. It was formerly the old French Hospital at Pera, in the European quarter of the city.

avored. Possibly she didn't need to propose to a man in order to arrive at matrimony. It is conceivable, even, that she chose a more difficult path than that trodden by her feminine forbears. But to her it seemed proper that she should afford by her example one more illustration of activity in the cause of woman's "new freedom."

It is not probable that her pioneer efforts will soon gain a large following. Women are more conservative in their methods than men. Very few men, even, actually and in set form propose. If suddenly, or gradually, they

The Situation (Week ending November 29, 1915)

TO be compared in feats of arms only with the wonderful Teutonic drive into Russia last Fall, the first phase of the Germano-Bulgarian war in the Balkans closed on Nov. 29 with the announcement that the brave Serbian army, after losing more than 100,000 prisoners to the Teutons and Bulgars, and with unreckoned losses in killed and wounded, had fled to the in-

hospitable fastnesses of the Albanian Mountains. The second phase will open in the first great battle with the allied British, French, Italian, and Russian armies that are converging upon the subduers of Serbia.

To estimate the magnitude of the conquest of Serbia the fact should be appreciated that the northern part of that kingdom forms the best strategic territory for defense in the world. The mountains thrust themselves forward in spurs like the fingers of a gigantic hand. Before they could be assailed the formidable passage of the Danube had to be effected in the face of a determined foe. Had the Entente diplomats realized, as Greece and Rumania and Serbia had early realized, that Bulgaria would inevitably join the Central Powers, their War Offices would have had weeks in which to prepare reinforcements for the valiant soldiers of King Peter and to make their positions in Northern Serbia impregnable. Their inability to outguess the Germans and to forestall their decisions resulted in one of the completest diplomatic and military defeats of history. The immediate result of that defeat is the opening of the Oriental railway to the passage of foodstuffs and raw materials into Teutondom, and to the sending of fighting men and guns to the beleaguered Turks.

That is not all. An enemy that could quickly and smoothly throw its forces across the Danube and take the frontier fortresses at Belgrade, working with his Balkan allies to reduce Zaječar, Kajaevac, and Pirot, scouring impassable roads and impenetrable mountains, without reinforcements and without shelter, has now time to consolidate his lines of communication with Constantinople. The Allies are still dicker with King Constantine of Greece for terminal facilities at Saloniki. Weeks have elapsed since it was announced that 350,000 Russians were about to invade Bulgaria, but the Russian invasion has not begun. It has been reported repeatedly that a large Italian army is landing at Avlona, but its march through Albania to Monastir has not been reported. The French and British troops are still disembarking at Saloniki. What terminal facilities, how much rolling stock for the shipment of troops along the single-track Nish-Saloniki railway are available for the large operations necessary to make head against the invaders of Serbia?

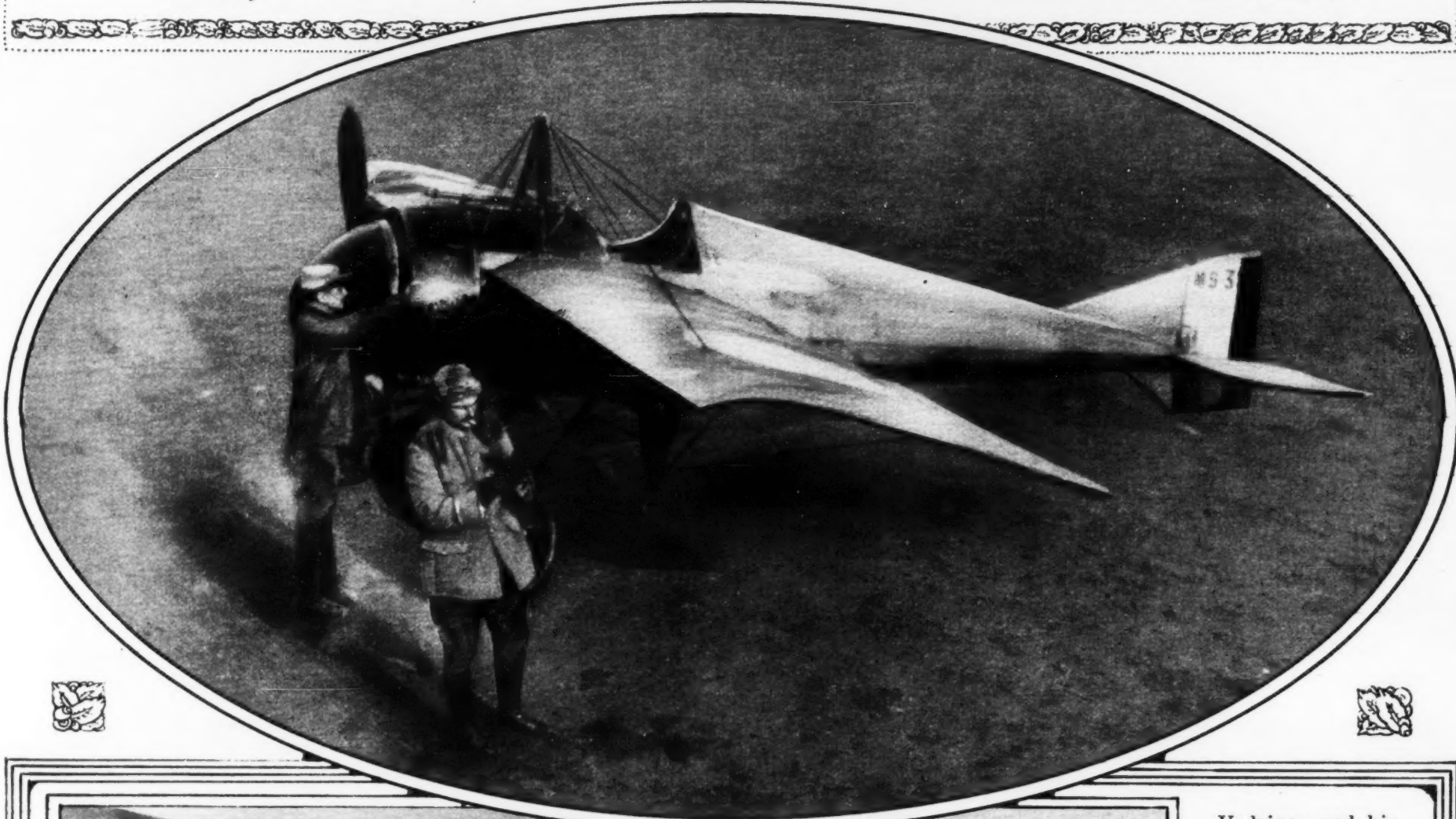
After the failure in its grand object—the expulsion of the Germans from France—of the allied drive on the western front during late September and October, it became finally certain that entrenchments can be taken, if at all, only by a vastly superior attacking force. A thin line of defenders can hold what the Germans have gained on the west; a thin line, while experiencing some vicissitudes, is serving well enough to retain to them conquered Poland and Courland. As the Germanic wedge has been driven to Katschank pass, the inevitable junction with the Bulgars will leave not a single railroad, not a single good road of Old Serbia in the hands of the Entente forces.

But Bulgaria is vulnerable to invasion both from the north and the south. The Serb army, though in a precarious position, is not destroyed. Its aid in a joint attack on Bulgaria, with Greece and Rumania "waiting to be shown," will be material. The slow-moving Italo-Franco-Anglo-Russian attack may be at last co-ordinated, and the second great phase of the Balkan war will have begun.

"For Country."

A reproduction of an impressive canvas by Lionel Royer is the special supplement of the Mid-Week Pictorial this week. The artist has called his picture "For Country." It is considered one of the best of the many war paintings in the French galleries.

A Day with the French Air-Warrior Vedrines



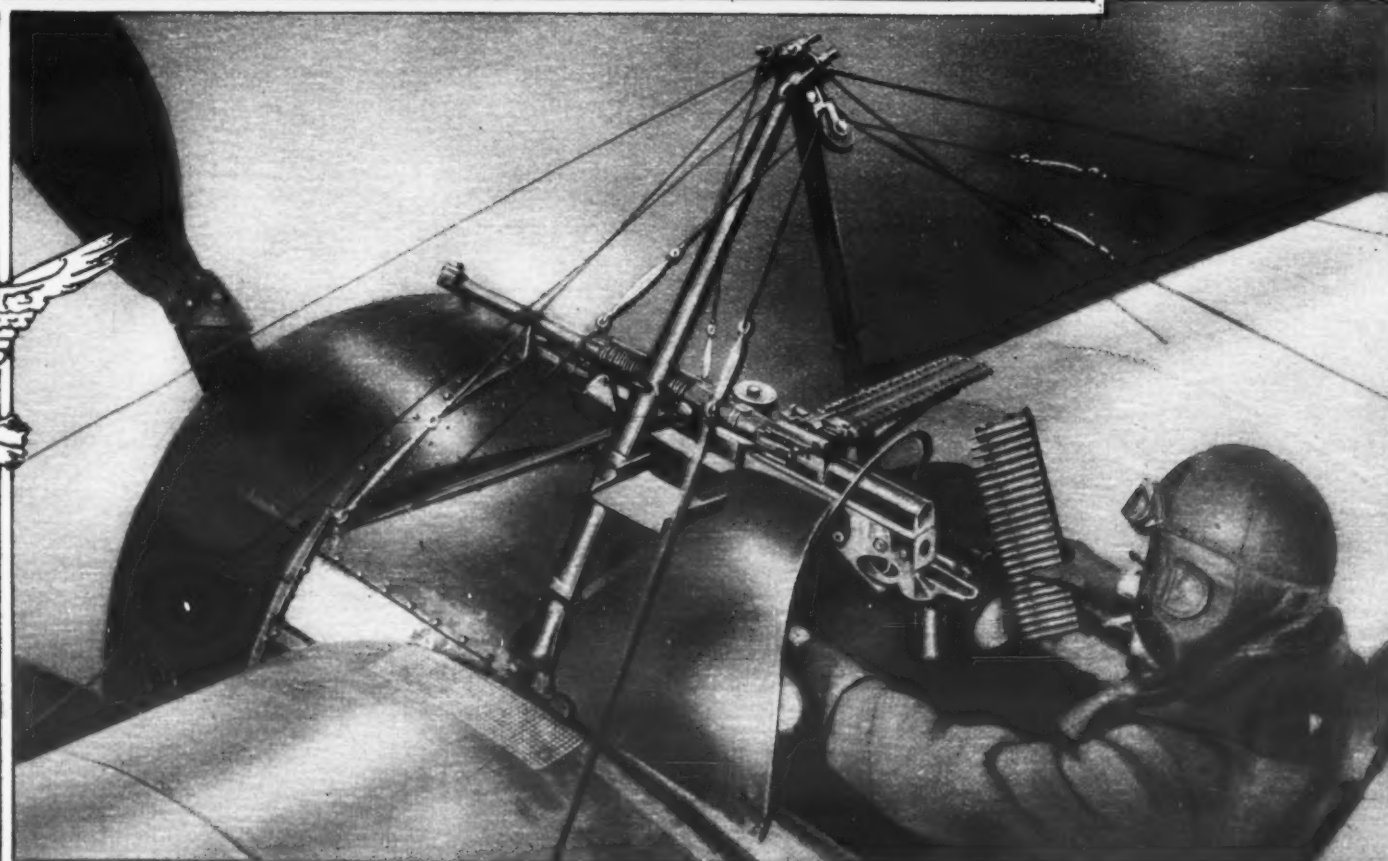
Vedrines and his mechanic getting the aviator's new craft ready to attack a Taube which has just been seen far up in the air.

(© Medem Photo Service.)

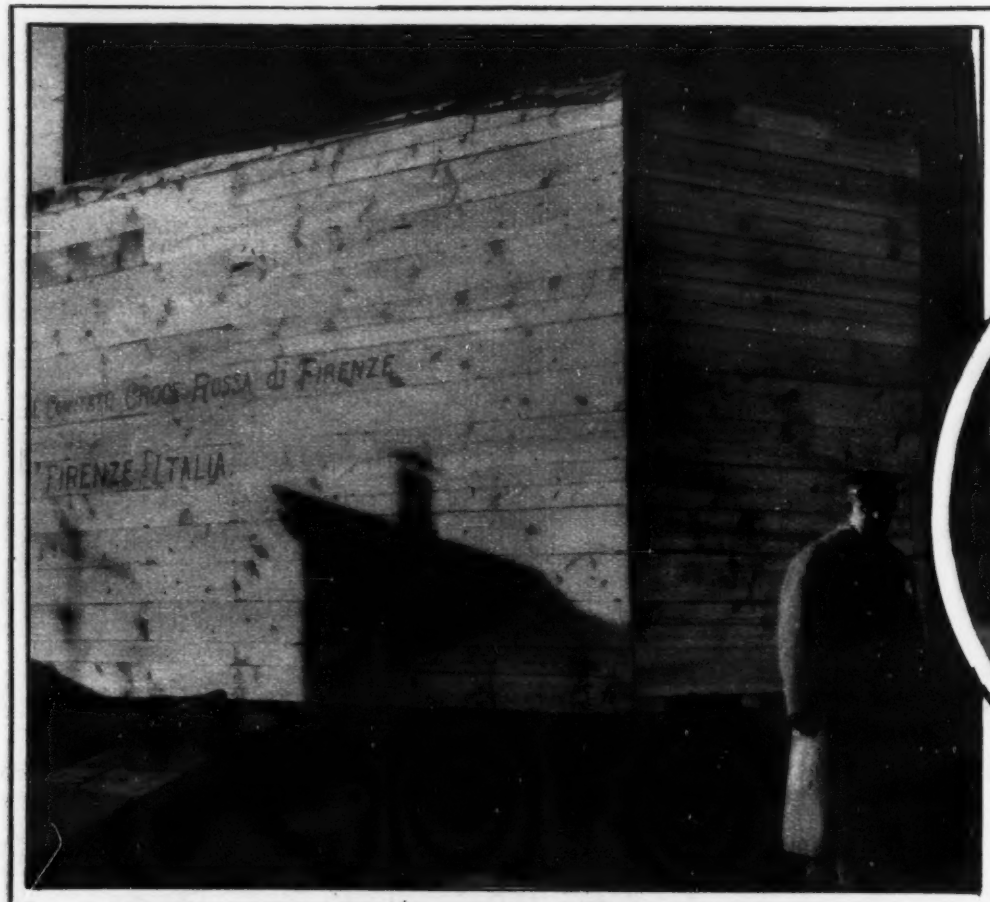
Vedrines examining with great care the machine gun of a German war aeroplane which he has brought to earth after a fight.



Vedrines getting his mitrailleuse ready for a flight over the hostile lines. Many of the noted French airmen are dead or in Teutonic prisons.



Through New York City Vast Quantities



A special officer guarding motor ambulances cased and ready for shipment to Italy.



These boxes contain small arms and ammunition destined for the use of Italian forces in the field.



Copper slabs weighing 280 pounds each and bound for France being unloaded from the lighter. From the standpoint of the warring nations copper is a precious metal, not a base one.

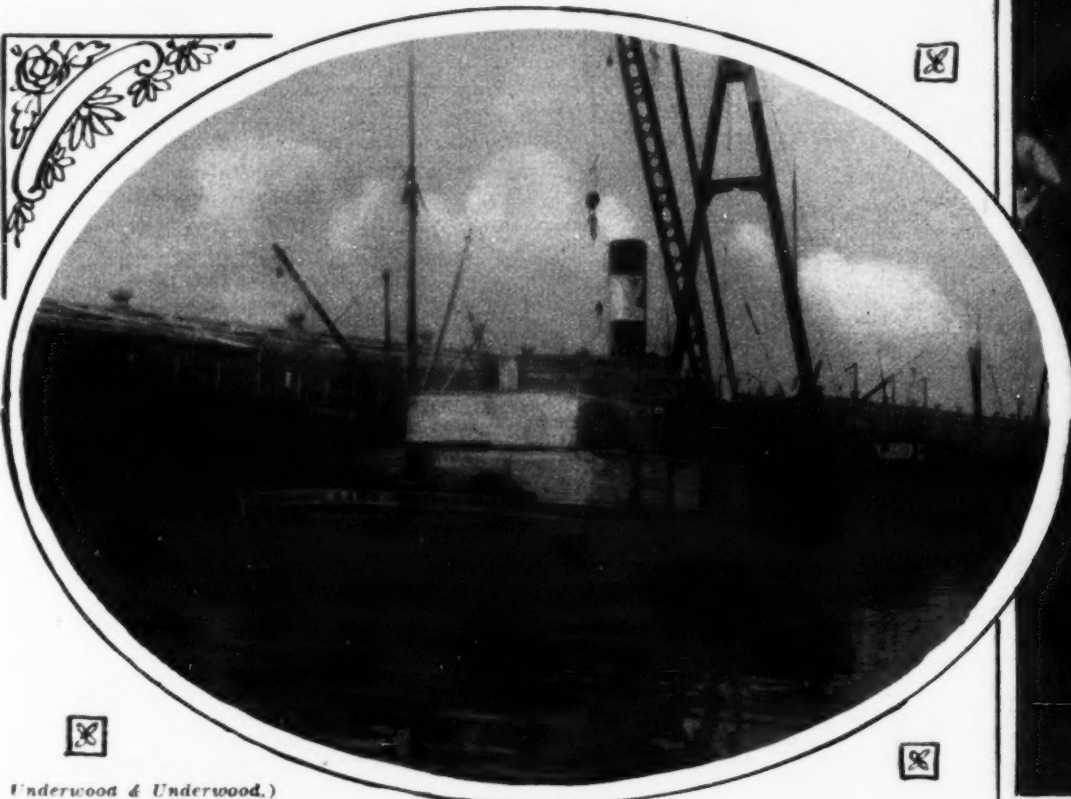


The peculiarly shaped cases in this picture contain tanks of highly compressed liquid air bound for France.



Locomotive boilers and other parts bound for Vladivostok.

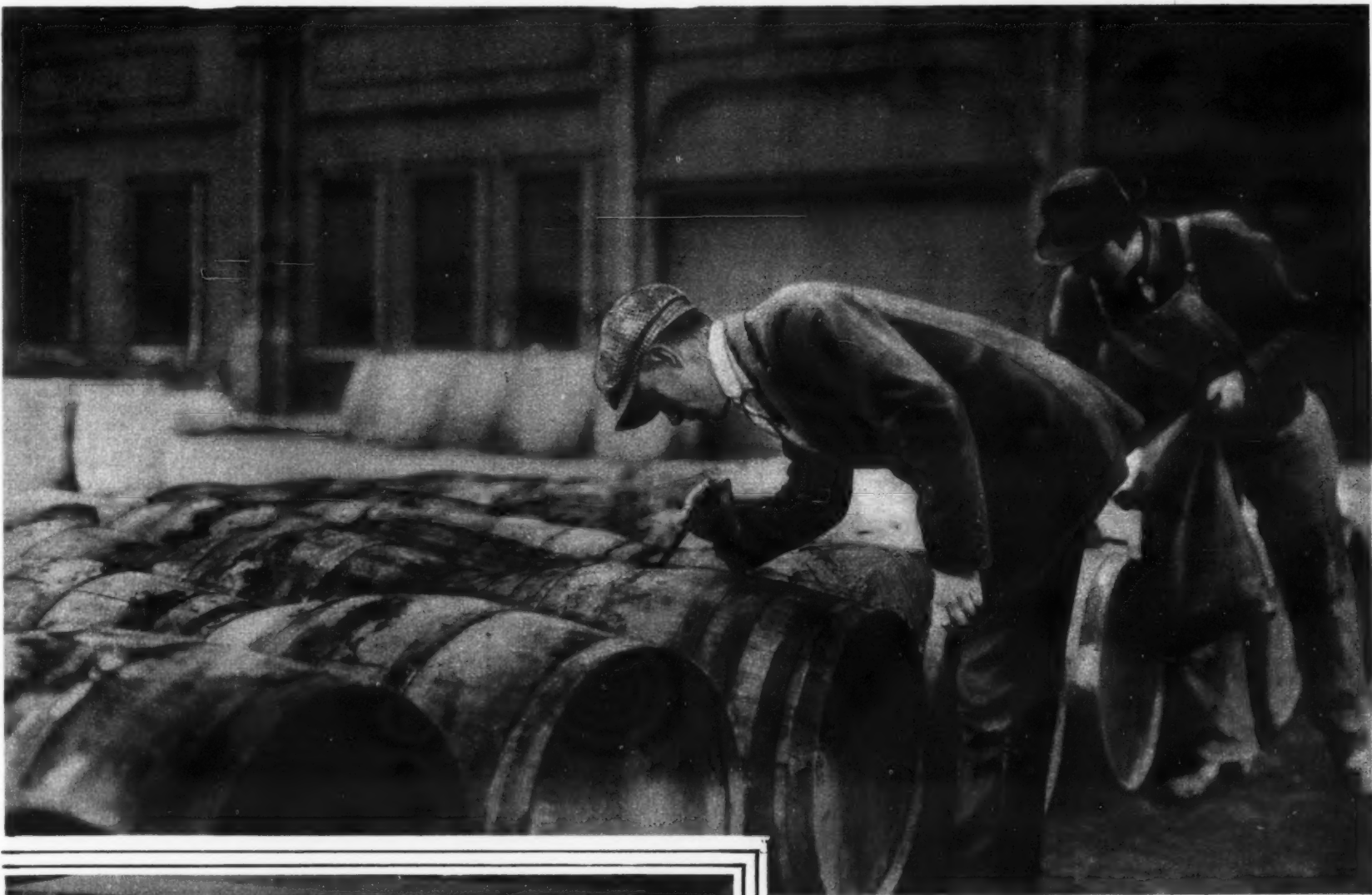
of War Munitions Pass, Europe-Bound



(Underwood & Underwood.)

Loading carefully boxed motor cars aboard an English ship. They are on their way to Russia.

By way of contrast here is a peaceful shipment to this country from Holland. The American flag is its stamp of protection.



Prodding the interior of oil barrels in search of possible bombs hidden there by plotters. Every precaution of this nature is now taken before shipments are placed aboard vessels outward bound.



Russia, for use on the Trans-Siberian Railway.



A special officer at a Brooklyn pier protecting from possible vandalism a train loaded with ammunition.

The Lancer

By Joseph H. Odell, D. D.



IN the death of Booker T. Washington the American-Africans have undoubtedly lost a wise and resourceful leader, but the founder of Tuskegee was not the only great man of his race.

Perhaps this is a fitting time to put on record the fact that the average of the negro population has been decidedly raised and to show that a multitude of able men are now engaged in lifting the disabilities from their colored brethren. During the last fifty years the colored population has doubled. In 1863 it was about 5,000,000, and in 1913 about 10,500,000. Ninety per cent. of those emancipated were in no way equipped for commercial or political competition; their total property was so inconsiderable that no estimate was ever made of it; few facilities for progress were at their disposal. Today more than 220,000 negroes own and work their own farms; negro property wealth is estimated at \$570,000,000; 9,000 offices in the executive service of the nation are held by colored men; four regiments in the army are recruited from the African race. There are 500,000 colored voters.

On the moral side we must credit 35,000 church edifices, worth \$56,000,000. The church members themselves contribute \$7,500,000 annually for religious purposes. There are 200 private schools and colleges managed and almost entirely supported by negroes, while not less than \$5,000,000 a year passes through the hands of their secret and fraternal societies. They publish 200 newspapers and periodicals, nearly all of which are serious and inspirational and devoted to the uplift of the race.

If all the negroes were gathered together, with their wealth, institutions, and societies, they would form quite a respectable republic or principality; scattered as they are over the continent we fail to give them the credit due to their achievements.

WHAT would Germany think, say, and do, if hundreds of American citizens were furnished with millions of dollars and were devoting every resource to crippling German industry, impeding commerce, killing her subjects, forging passports, interfering with the ordinary functions of government and blatantly abusing the hospitality of her flag? There are

many American citizens today who will be glad to be reminded of the emphatic words of sturdy old John Brown: "I believe in the Golden Rule, Sir, and the Declaration of Independence. I think they both mean the same thing; and it is better that a whole generation should pass off the face of the earth—men, women and children—by a violent death than that one jot of either should fail in the country. I mean exactly so, Sir." If the Golden Rule and the Declaration of Independence do mean the same thing, then the German propaganda wounds us in our most vital part; and if they do not mean the same thing, then Americans must re-define their nationality. Our self-respect is certainly being covered with contempt and our consciousness of national sovereignty is having the gilt knocked off. Dollars made in munitions will hardly compensate for dignity lost in diplomacy.

CONGRESS has reassembled full of rhetorical dynamite. We must expect explosions after such a lengthy period of repression. The task before the Republicans is the most difficult a party ever faced; they have to talk up an issue for the 1916 election. Both the Taft and Roosevelt platforms of 1912 are dry-rotted and as useless as the planks of 1860. Everywhere the country is full of anxieties—economic, military, and constitutional. Can those anxieties be articulated and formulated in a manner that will flatter a majority of the voters into a satisfying belief that its anxieties are worth cherishing? From a political standpoint it is just as reprehensible to kill a man's fear as to slay his confidence. Prophets who say, "Peace, Peace, when there is no Peace," cannot win a hearing today. In some way or another Republican Senators and Congressmen must create a doctrine that will make the Administration's laissez faire look like a monstrosity. There have been times when we had orators who could have done it to perfection; but name the men in Washington today who can make a moral appeal that burns like a passion! And yet it must be done in Congress within six months; the National Convention will be too late.

PRESIDENTIAL timber is being sought, estimated, tested, and offered in the market of public opinion with an anxiety never known before. No one quite knows the quali-



THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE,
Warden of Sing Sing Prison.

ties that will be required during the next term of office. Nothing is more certain than that the world war will change the entire complexion, if not the very centre of gravity, of public thought and conduct. Whoever essays to lead this nation during the next few years must be a man of flexible mind

and inexorable conscience. He must be an incorrigible American and strong enough to ignore sectional or racial pleas. No easy optimist who postulates that America can muddle through legislative vagaries and diplomatic inanities may expect a place of authority when a democracy is re-incarnating its primary principles and ideals. Every nation has claimed to be the favorite son of Heaven; no nation has ever proved it. Whatsoever immunities we have so far enjoyed have been geographical rather than moral or political. But with wireless telephone and telegraph annihilating distance, with submarines and air craft having a cruising radius of thousands of miles, with gunfire effective far beyond the line of vision, with new principles of blockade immediately applicable despite international agreement and treaties that can be vacated or violated at will by the interested powers, it will be seen that even America must pass into a new phase of statecraft. Our future Presidents must be something more than adepts in the allocation of post-offices and pension patronage.

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE is trying to make men out of the human wrecks that others consider past the point of salvage. Supposing he fails sometimes, falls into occasional errors of judgment, predicates successes that do not materialize? A pioneer is always unjustly punished for his mistakes. If Mr. Osborne obtained only 10 per cent. of success it would justify his experiment. Those who blame him forget that there are 10,000 years of pessimistic penology lying like an incubus on human history. No one seems to think of emphasizing the barbarities and brutalities of the ages of blind inertia that lie behind our penal system; but there are



"WITH WIRELESS TELEPHONE,
ANNIHILATING DISTANCE."

Secretary Daniels of the Navy Department conversing by wireless with a naval station on the South Atlantic Coast.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON ADDRESSING A PUBLIC GATHERING.

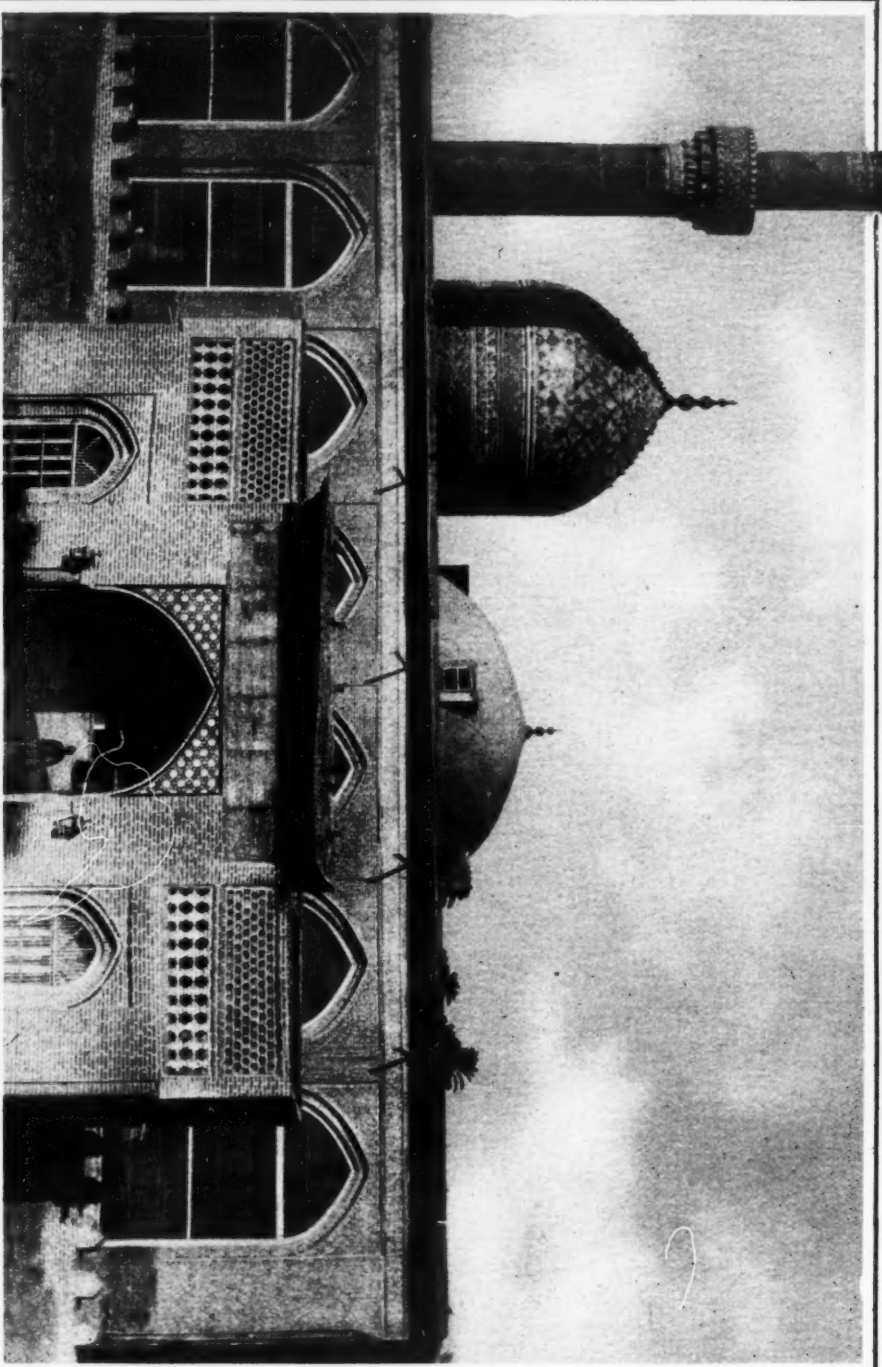
On the platform attentively listening to the now deceased negro educator are many persons of note, including Joseph H. Choate and George McAneny, and the late Samuel L. Clemens, Rollo Ogden, and Richard Watson Gilder.

(Photos © by Underwood & Underwood.)

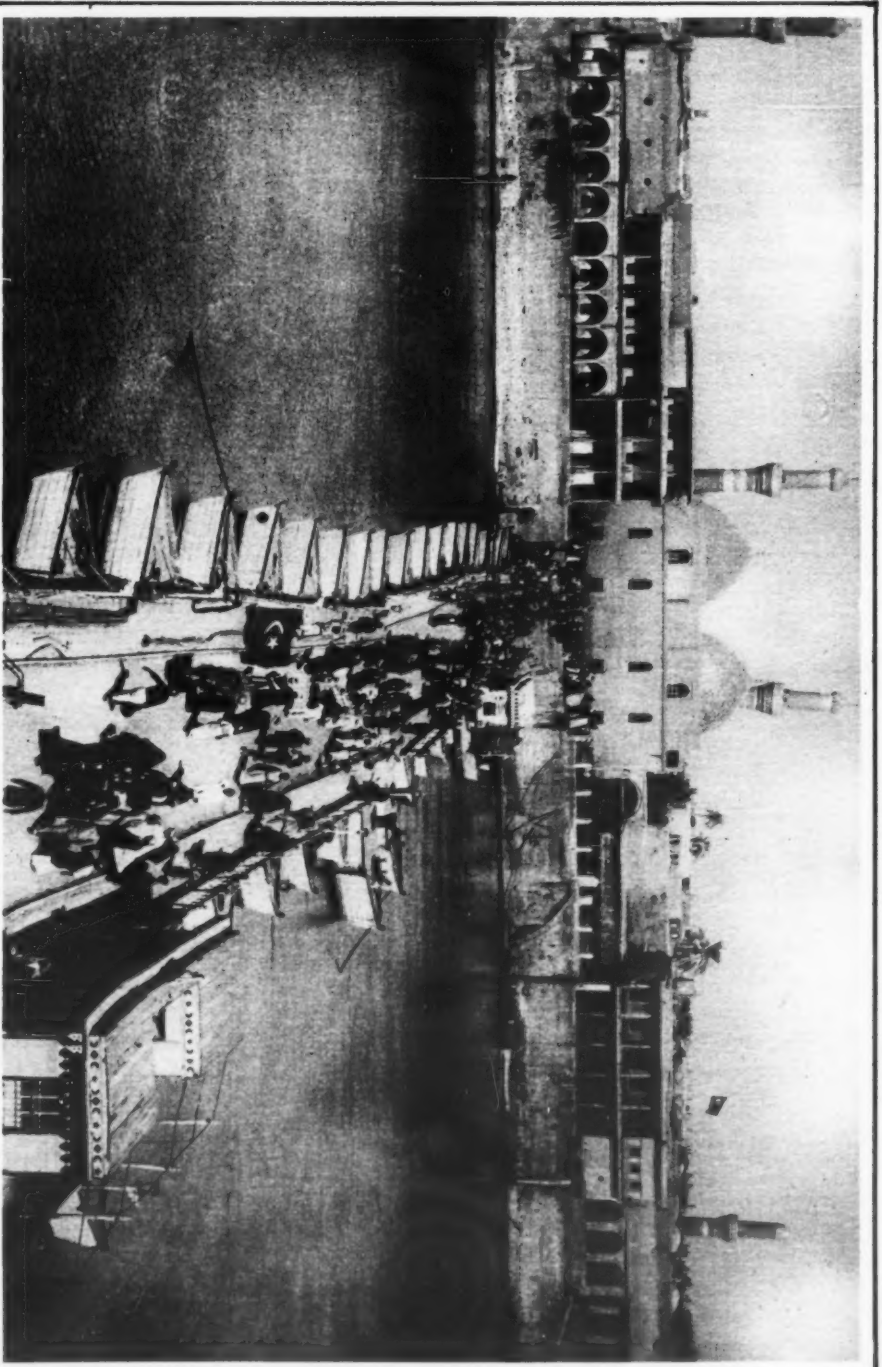
plenty of critics ready to gloat over the miscalculations of the one man who is making a gallant attempt to redeem a few of the casualties of modern civilization. Go ahead, Osborne, the fight is worth all it costs! Henry Martyn Boies prophesied what might be done in his "Science of Penology," published fifteen years ago, but there was no one to translate the theory into practice.

JOSEPH H. ODELL.

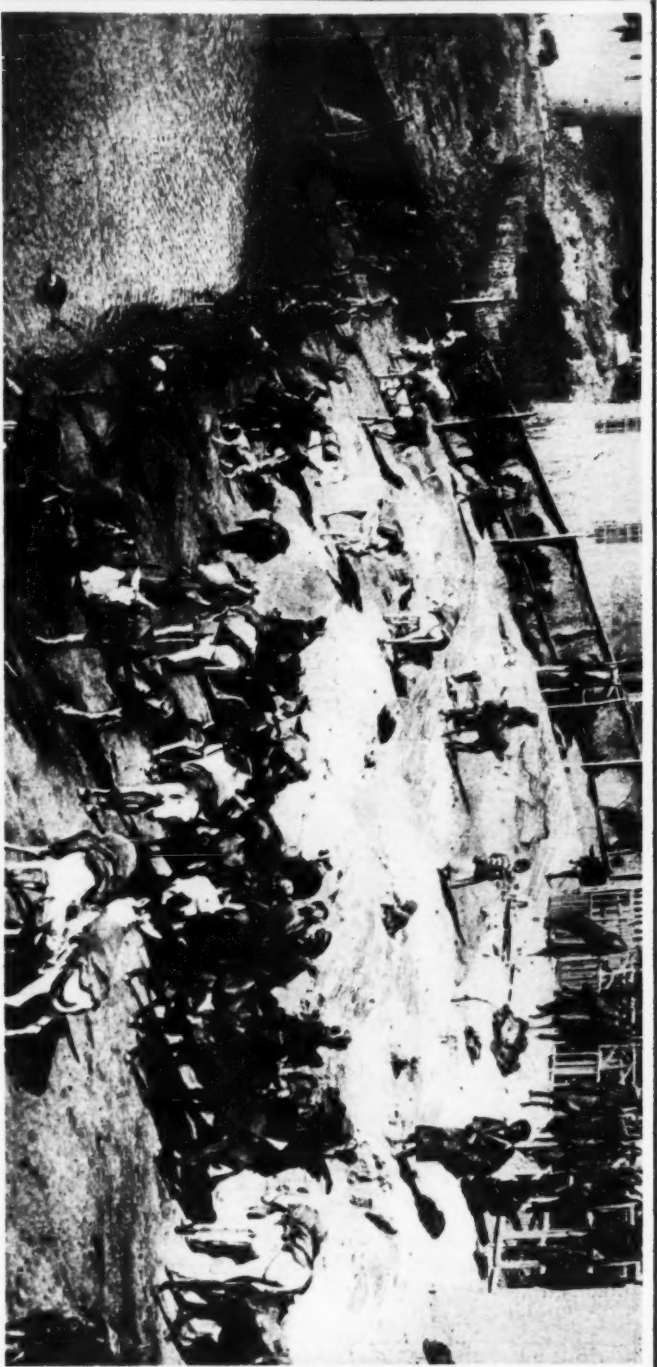
Historic Bagdad, Object of a British Offensive



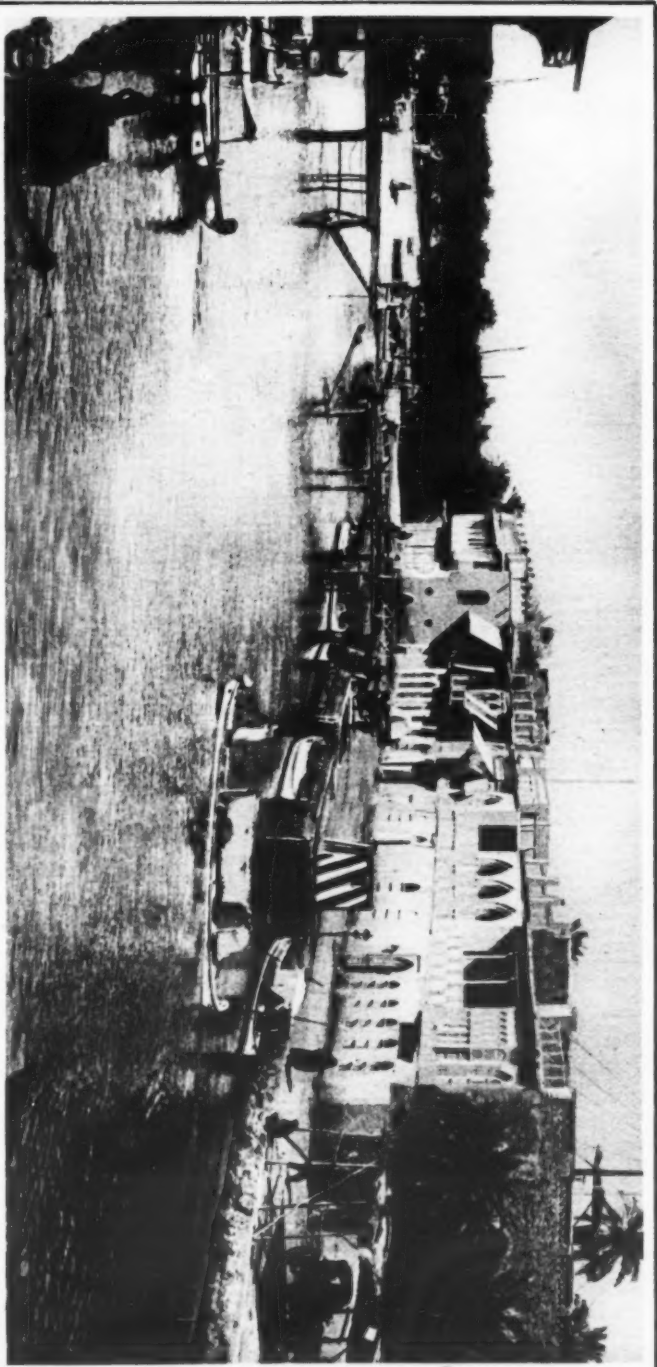
A mosque at Khasmain, a village just outside Bagdad and in the path of the British advance up the valley of the Tigris River.



The Bridge of Boats over the Tigris at Bagdad. This is a view from the east bank of the river and shows the usual daily traffic.



Arab water vendors filling goatskins, and women filling pitchers at the river's brink. In the background is the British Church Missionary Society's hospital, where many natives are treated each year.



A scene in a river town near Bagdad. The British campaign in this region is reported from Berlin to have been checked by the unwillingness of Indian troops to attack Bagdad, a sacred city.

(Photos © from International News Service.)



"In the face of desolation joked and laughed." French officers lunching in the Champagne.
(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



"Poilus" breaking ground with an auto plow preparatory to sowing Winter wheat.
(Photos from Medem Photo Service.)

The brisk, cheery way in which Frenchmen and Frenchwomen are accepting the situation and making the best of the discomfort and distortions of routine which the war has brought into their daily lives is demonstrated in the subjoined article from *The New York Times*, written in Paris, by Richard Harding Davis. His description of a trip through territory regained from the Germans and of the "cave dwellers" in the muddy trenches is graphic.

(© 1915, R. H. Davis.)

IN England it is "Business as usual"; in France it is "War as usual." The English tradesman can assure his customers that with such an "old established" firm as his

not even war can interfere; but France, with war actually on her soil, has gone further and has accepted war as part of her daily life. She has not merely swallowed, but digested it. It is like



France Takes War as

By Richard

the line in Pinero's play, where one woman says she cannot go to the opera because of her neuralgia.

Her friend replies: "You can have your neuralgia in my box just as well as anywhere else." In that spirit France has accepted the war. The neuralgia may hurt, but she does not take to her bed and groan; she smiles cheerfully and courageously and goes about her duties—even sits in her box at the opera.

As we approached the front—which now is a French word—this was even more evident than in Paris, where signs of war are all but invisible. Outside of Amiens we met a regiment of Scots with the pipes playing and the cold rain splashing their bare legs. To watch them pass we leaned from the car window. That we should be inter-

ested seemed to surprise them; no one else was interested. A year ago when they passed it was "roses, roses, all the way"—or at least cigarettes, chocolate, and red wine. Now, in spite of the skirling bagpipes, no one turned his head. To the French they had become a part of the landscape.

A year ago the roads at every 200 yards were barricaded. It was a continual hurdle race. Now, except at distances of four or five miles, the barricades have disappeared. One side of the road is reserved for troops, the other for moving vehicles. Those vehicles we met—for the most part two-wheeled hooded carts—no longer contained peasants with their belongings flying from dismantled villages. Instead, they carried garden truck, pigs, or calves, on the way to market. On the driver's seat the peasant whistled cheerily and cracked his whip. The long lines of London buses that last year advertised soap, mustard, milk, and music halls, and which now are a decorous gray; the ambulances, the great guns drawn by motor trucks with caterpillar wheels, no longer surprise him.

The English ally has ceased to be a stranger and is a paying guest in the towns and villages of Artois. The shop windows are dressed chiefly for him. The names of the towns are Flemish; the names of the streets are Flemish; the names over the shops are Flemish; but the goods for sale are marmalade, tinned kippers, *The Daily Mail*, and the *Pink 'Un*.

"Is it your people who are selling those things?" I asked an English of-



Peasant working a grave-dotted field

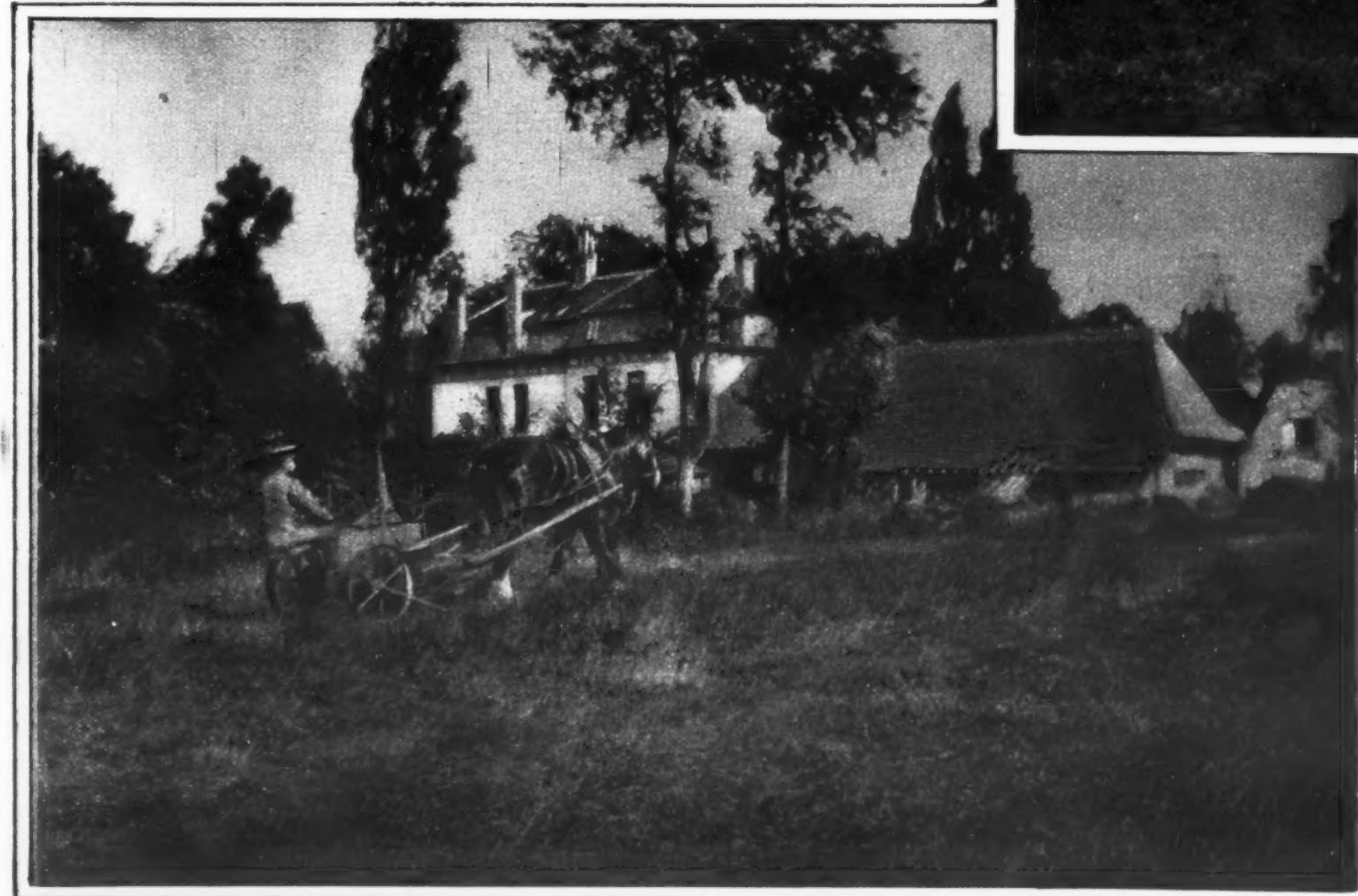
ficer. The question amused him.

"Our people won't think of it until the war is over," he said, "but the French are different.

"They are capable, adaptable, and obliging. If our men ask these shopkeepers for anything they haven't got they don't say: 'We don't keep it'; they get him to write down what it is he wants, and they send for it."

It is the better way. The Frenchman does not say: "War is ruining me"; he makes the war help to support him, and at the same time gives comfort to his ally.

A year ago in the villages the old men stood in disconsolate groups with their hands in their pockets. Now they are briskly at work. They are working in the fields, in the vegetable gardens, helping the Territorials mend the roads. On every side of them are the evidences of war—in the fields abandoned trenches, barbed wire entanglements, shelters for fodder and ammunition, hangars for repairing aeroplanes, vast



"The English ally has ceased to be a stranger." A British soldier mowing grass for horse feed near Ypres.
(Photo from International News Service.)

a Matter of Course

Harding Davis

laughter houses, parks of artillery; and on the roads endless lines of lorries, hooded ambulances, marching soldiers.

To us those were of vivid interest, but to the French peasant they are in the routine of his existence. After a year of it war neither greatly distresses nor greatly interests him. With one hand he fights; with the other he plows.

We had made a bet as to which would see the first sign of real war, and the sign of it that won and that gave general satisfaction, even to the man who lost, was a group of German soldiers sweeping the streets of St. Pol. They were guarded only by one of their own number, and they looked fat, sleek, and contented. When, on our return from the trenches, we saw them again, we knew they were to be greatly envied. Between standing waist high in mud in a trench and being drowned in it, buried in it, blown up or asphyxiated, the post of crossing sweeper is one to be desired.

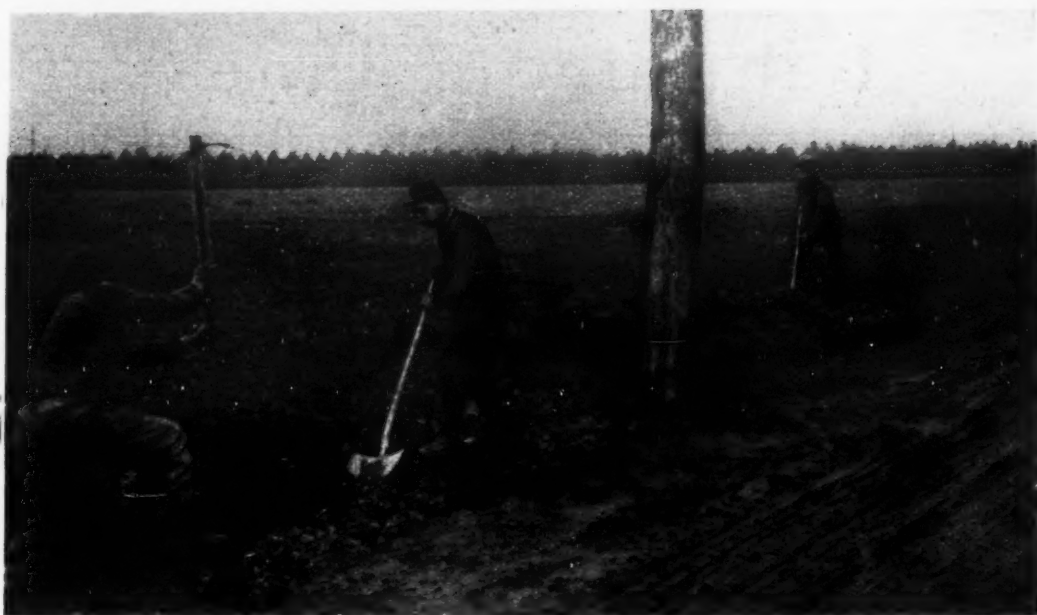
The next sign of war was more thrilling. It was a race between a French aeroplane and German shrapnel. To us the bursting shells looked like five little cotton balls. Since this war began shrapnel, when it bursts, has invariably been compared to balls of cotton, and, as that is exactly what it looks like, it is again so described. The balls of cotton did not seem to rise from the earth, but to pop suddenly out of the sky.

A moment later five more cotton balls popped out of the sky. They were much nearer the aeroplane. Others followed, leaping after it. But the aero-

of Mont de Lorette. To scale these heights seemed a feat as incredible as scaling our Palisades or the sheer cliff of Gibraltar. But they had been scaled, and the side toward us was crawling with French soldiers, climbing to the trenches, descending from the trenches, carrying to the trenches food, ammunition, and fuel for the fires.

A cold rain was falling and had turned the streets of Ablain and all the roads leading to it into swamps. In these were islands of bricks and lakes of water of the solidity and color of melted chocolate. Whatever you touched clung to you. It was a land of mud, clay, liquid earth. A cold wind whipped the rain against your face and chilled you to the bone. All you saw depressed and chilled your spirit.

To the "poilus," who, in the face of



"Signs of war are all but invisible." French soldiers working on farm and road behind the fighting zone.



"We knew they were to be greatly envied." Captured German soldiers working for their board.



just back of the firing lines.

plane steadily and swiftly conveyed itself out of range and out of our sight.

To say where the trenches began and where they ended is difficult. We were passing through land that had been retrieved from the enemy. It had been fought for inch by inch, foot by foot. To win it back thousands of lives had been thrown like dice upon a table. There were vast stretches of mud, of fields once cultivated, but now scarred with pits, trenches, rusty barbed wires.

The roads were rivers of clay. They were lined with dugouts, cellars, and caves. There burrows in the earth were supported by beams and suggested a shaft in a disused mine. They looked like the tunnels to coalpits. They were inhabited by a race of French unknown to the boulevards—men, bearded, deeply tanned, and caked with clay.

Their uniforms were like those of football players on a rainy day at the end of the second half. We were entering what had been the village of Ablain, and before us rose the famous heights



such desolation, joked and laughed with the civilians, you felt you owed an apology, for your automobile was waiting to whisk you back to a warm dinner, electric lights, red wine, and a dry bed. The men we met were cavemen. When night came they would sleep in a hole in the hill fit for a mud turtle or a muskrat.

What we saw of these cave dwellers was only a few feet of a moat that for 300 miles is thrown across France

like a miniature canal. Where we stood we could see of the 300 miles only mud walls, so close that we brushed one with each elbow.

From a trench that was all we could see of this war, and it is all that the millions of fighting men can see of it—wet walls of clay as narrow as a grave, an arrow pointing to a hospital, earthen steps leading to a shelter from sudden death.

. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



"Endless lines of lorries and marching soldiers."
(Photo from Underwood & Underwood.)

Behind the Lines of Fighting Turks



Turkish troops charging from advanced trenches upon allied positions indicated by the smoke from volleying guns in the background. The soldiers still intrenched have each his own individual burrow.



English soldiers, captives of the Turks, forming for the march to the military prison camp. The scene of this picture is the outskirts of the City of Pera.

(Photo from Feature Photo Service.)



A detachment of the Red Crescent, which is the Turkish equivalent for the Red Cross, bandaging Turkish soldiers wounded in battle and preparing to transport them to the field hospital.

(Photos from Press Illustrating Co.)

Men of All Religions Will Fight

By Charles Johnston

HAS it occurred to any one to say that this is the most religious war the world has ever seen? I do not refer alone, or even mainly, to the ceaseless invocations of the German Allah, by His Prophet, or even to the fact, recently imparted to the listening world by the Ulemas of Stamboul, that Wilhelm II. was foretold in Mohammed's Koran as the Protector of Islam and the Great Wind of Allah.

I do not allude mainly to these things, though the Prussian Caliph is running old Omar hard in the burning of libraries and the looting of "infidels." I have in mind rather the very striking fact that, in this world war,

their present negotiations with the President-Emperor Yuan Shi-kai. Nor are there many of the followers of the Persian Zoroaster, devotees of the seven-times purified fire, though among the troops from Western India there must be a sprinkling of Parsees, who are Zoroastrians.

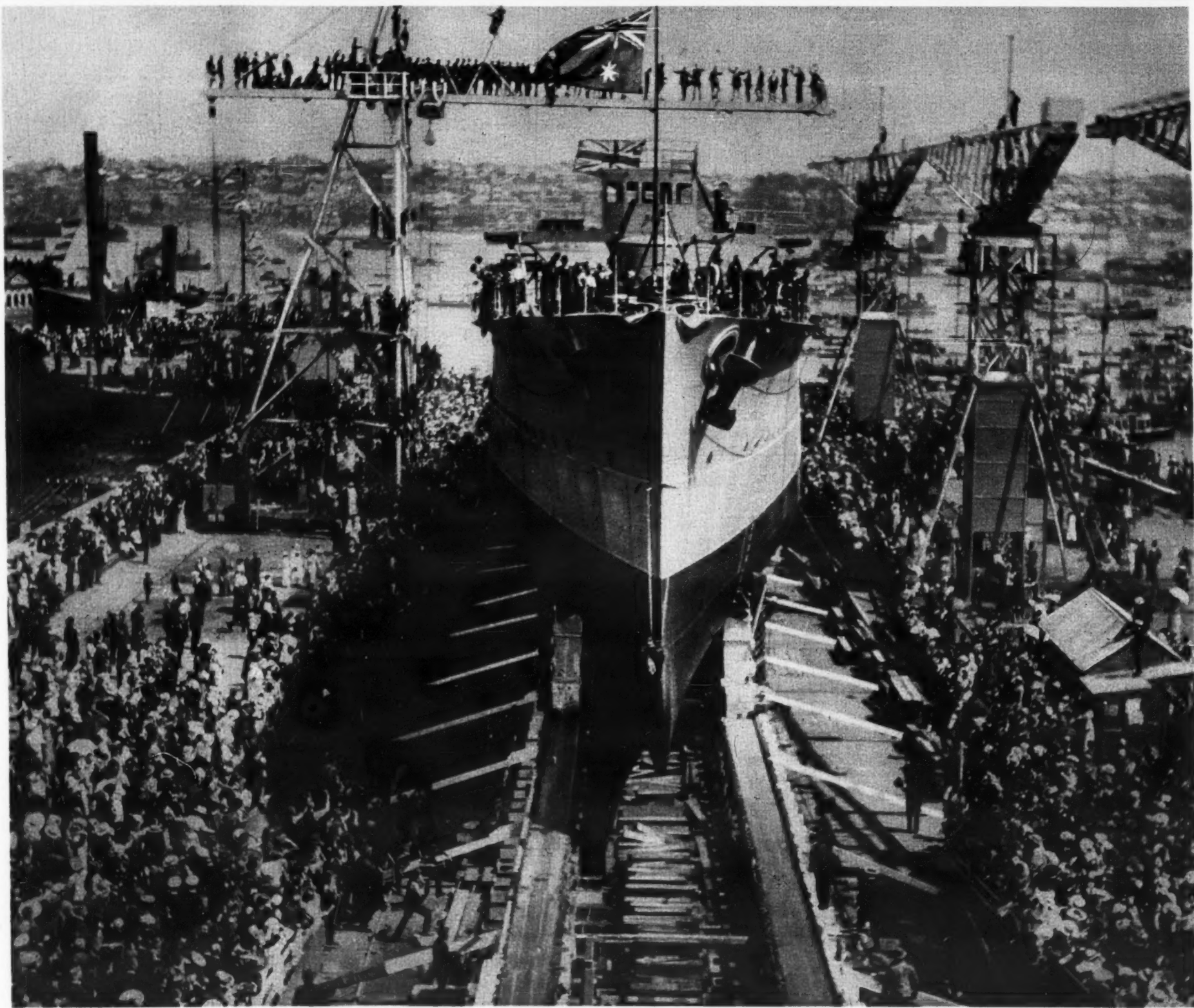
But every one else is there, and in bulk. To begin at the Far Eastern end of things, there fought at Tsing-tau the Japanese warriors who are in part Shintos and in part Buddhists; it is quite easy to be both, in these tolerant Eastern faiths. So that among these sons of the Rising Sun there are many followers of Gautama Buddha, who was

England's genius for conservation. There are Sikhs, too, followers of a more modern Guru, whose Sacred Book is the most recent of the world's Bibles, and who have their shrine in the Golden Temple at Amritsar, whose name means the Lake of Heavenly Nectar, or the Lake of Immortality. There are Indian Mohammedans, any quantity of them, fighting with fine, ferocious skepticism concerning the claims of the Great Wind of Allah. They are perfectly willing to take a chance of blowing against the Great Wind.

And there are our Goorkha friends from the Himalayan foothills of Nepal; not British subjects, but soldiers of

And, at the other end of the line, there are tomtom-beating fetich worshippers from Senegal, devotees of the sacred green pigeons and the dreamy crocodiles; and Maories, among whose ancestors one might find a cannibal or two, a devotee of "long pig." But they have reformed, and, besides, no cannibal likes the taste of beer in his victuals. That is why the abstemious Chinaman is so popular with them.

And the point is that among all these devotees of the world's religions, not one is making a scruple of fighting. No Old World religion but praises righteous war; praises the fight for liberty and justice, the courageous



THE LAUNCHING OF H. M. S. BRISBANE AT SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

The Brisbane is the first cruiser built by a British dominion for the use of the empire, and is the largest vessel ever launched in the southern hemisphere. Its launching was attended by great demonstrations of loyalty on the part of the populace. It was hailed by the British press as an earnest of the keen desire of the colonies to aid in upbuilding Great Britain's prestige on the water as well as upon land.

(Photo from Doubleday, Page & Co.)

practically every religion on earth is represented. In this sense, never was there so religious a war—not since they built that big tower on the plain of Shinar, from the building whereof came the confusion of tongues.

I do not know that the disciples of almond-eyed Confucius are there in any great numbers, though they may be yet, if the Entente powers pull through

Prince Siddhartha the Compassionate. And there are Burmese Buddhists and Indian Buddhists also among the Indian troops now fighting on the battle plains of France.

Half a dozen other Indian religions are represented, too—the Brahmanical Hindus, with the Rajputs at their head, who, like so many of the Indian races, owe their continued national life to

fortune, who, for very love of fighting, have left their rhododendron-shaded villages, crossed the frontier line, and enlisted under the English banner. It is a ticklish matter to talk of their religion, for, from the point of view of fine Brahmanical orthodoxy, they are shaky brothers; but, as wielders of the keen-edged Kookrie, their church standing is beyond reproach.

death in defense of the honor of women, the protection of little children. In that sense, too, this is the most religious of all wars, for it is with religious fervor that every one of ten million men rises daily ready to give his life for the faith before the sun goes down. In the Old World at least no one has made a religion out of cowardice.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

Here the Belgians Made the Stand Which Blo



On the broad Yser, at the point shown in this picture, the forces of the Kaiser made their stand. The white spot indicates the position of the masked big gun which was firing into Calais and Dunkirk. Aviators finally located and destroyed it. In the foreground are the Belgian guns which kept the Kaiser's forces from crossing the Yser which enters Flanders, are shown.

Blocked the Road to Calais Against the Germans



made their first great organized effort to break through to the strait. In the middle distance the
s and Dunkirk. It was placed in the middle of a farm, and could not be seen from the ground level.
which kept the invaders back. Locks and bridges of the canals of Furnes, Yser, and Ostend, by
(Drawn by Alfred Bastien for the Graphic, London. © in U. S. A., 1915.)

That Paragraph 13.

ONE OF THE MOST conspicuous tempins set up in Secretary Lansing's note of Oct. 21 for the British Government to bowl over is Paragraph 13, which contains the implied charge that British commerce has benefited at the expense of American commerce with Scandinavia and Holland since the closing of the German ports by the British blockade. It had long been charged by the enemies of England in this country that this was one of the prime objects of the blockade and the British Orders in Council. In composing Paragraph 13 the Secretary of State evidently paid more attention to these charges than he did to the evidence already received from the British Government. Sir Edward Grey's note of Aug. 13 last to Ambassador Page shows by official comparative tables that the commerce of the United States with the neutral countries in question has not only exceeded all previous records but that in certain commodities it is now relatively equal or superior to that of Great Britain. As the implication of Paragraph 13 is that Great Britain is guilty of deceit, duplicity, and downright dishonesty, the London press is urging the Government to reply without delay, if only to draw the Washington Government's attention to the fact that it had already been answered, unless, indeed, what Secretary Lansing wrote on Oct. 21 was based on authentic data received subsequent to Aug. 13.

Exceptions Taken by Italians.

THE WAR HAS DEVELOPED AN unusual sensitiveness on the part of the Italian press in America, owing to the manner in which papers printed in the English language characterize things and persons Italian. It is charged that every delinquent of Italian appearance or name is called Italian, while criminals of other nationalities are not so stigmatized, and that the indicted Rofrano, now a fugitive from justice, has been characterized as an Italian by birth, appearance, and crime. But the climax of sensitiveness was reached when the Ancona was sunk, and it was asked would Americans have remained so calm if an English ship with wealthy Americans on board had gone down, instead of an Italian, with a few Americans with Italian names. Some of the exceptions taken by our sensitive contemporaries who publish their papers in the language of Dante seem well taken. Others do not. Years ago the Irish made the same complaint, until the adjective "Irish" ceased to signify. As to Rofrano, he was born in New York, does not look like an Italian, and his alleged crimes were purely of the politico-American variety. Still, in considering the case of the Ancona they must remember that in journalism, as in other things, events are appraised by their relative importance. For example, if it should be proved that it was a German and not an Austrian submarine which sank the liner, the Italian press in America would probably have no reason to complain of the presence of American calmness over the revelation.

The Future of Socialism.

WITH THE CLOSE OF THE war one force will be let loose in all the great warring nations against which provision cannot be made as it can against famine or a shortage of capital or employment. This force is Socialism. Just now the propaganda of the Internationals for the universal brotherhood of man is singularly mute. In England, France, Italy, and Russia it has been merged in that of the Government. In Germany it has been forced to do the same, although not without some remonstrance. But in all these countries Socialism has declared that when peace comes their respective

Governments will have to reckon with it. Socialism at war with itself is one of the phenomena of the age. How is it made consistent with the idea of universal brotherhood? Very simply. The Socialists of the Quadruple Entente are aiding their Governments to fight Prussianism and absolutism, which they believe to be the opposite of all Socialist ideals. Those of the Central Empires are forced to fight for absolutism, but they tell their brothers of the Entente that they do so because absolutism is pitted against democracy, which is a

themselves, to their victims, and to the American public. They receive a communication, usually anonymous, that a certain person arriving on a certain steamer is an "undesirable." They hold that person delinquent and a subject for deportation unless he or she prove the contrary—a system quite contrary to the spirit of American criminal law, where the burden of proof rests with the State. Meanwhile the private past of the usually innocent victim is aired in public, while the said victim gropes for vindication from the remote isola-

Salvage

Pithy Thoughts Brought in on the Tides of Opinion



BRAND WHITLOCK, AMERICA'S MINISTER TO BELGIUM.
He returns with wide repute gained in trying circumstances.
(Photo © Underwood & Underwood.)

worse foe of Socialism—for absolutism has all the machinery that Socialism desires for its ideal state. Thus a revolution could turn absolutism into a perfect Socialistic state over night—a consummation which it would take the Socialists of a democracy years to achieve. All this seems plausible enough. At the same time it is possible that when the end comes the Socialists of absolutism may find themselves sorely in need of the Socialists of democracy for their supreme effort.

New York's Entertainment Committee.

BY ALL MEANS LET US KEEP our stock pure, our morals clean, and our homes unblemished—but really there ought to be some way by which the immigration authorities could administer the law in a less ridiculous manner—a manner less humiliating to

tion of Ellis Island. In the last two years over 1,000 undesirables have been deported without fuss, but, we trust, with justice. Our concern is not with them. It is with the Hungarian banker Zerkowitz, who once fought a duel; Edward Mylius, who once libeled a King; Kagan and Lrchatchoff, who conspired against the Czar of Russia; Castro, the Venezuelan President; Flora Annie Steel, the English novelist; and now Professor Volpi, the Florentine art dealer. All of these after much humiliating publicity succeeded in persuading the Commissioner General at Washington or the Supreme Court that the charges made by the informers of the local Commissioner were not sufficient to warrant their deportation. Now, wouldn't it have been much better all round if the local Commissioner had ascertained this for himself? Why can't he, like any other prosecuting

officer, sift the facts and assume the burden of proof without forcing these things to be done by the victim and the authorities at Washington?

Some Migration Puzzles.

AS WAS TO BE EXPECTED, the most recent report of the Commissioner General of Immigration reveals the fact that the tide of alien migration has set eastward—that the number of aliens now coming to the United States is less than that departing. What will be the situation after the war? Expert opinion is divided. Some say that immigration will surpass all former records, owing to the lack of capital and consequently of employment in Europe; others, that capital will be borrowed and that the huge mortality of the war will leave openings for employment which can only be filled from America. In either case the labor conditions in the United States, particularly among aliens, are bound to be profoundly disturbed. The new industries and the expansion of old ones here since the war began have been a matter of feverish development. The end of the war would not only arrest development but in certain cases end production and hence employment. Of course if the migration balance continues to favor Europe the situation may not call for elaborate adjustment. The chance, however, that just the opposite may ensue should cause not only the Federal Immigration and Labor Departments but also the commercial departments of the various States to provide for it.

Gambling in Great Britain.

THE RETURN OF TOD SLOAN, under the British Defense of the Realm act, on the charge and conviction that the former jockey is an "undesirable alien" because he maintained a gambling house frequented by army officers, calls attention to the fact that gambling in the British Isles has been diverted by the war from the race track to private residences and that the new gaming establishments are becoming quite as troublesome to the military authorities and quite as powerful factors for the destruction of morality as were those in the days of the Napoleonic wars, when suicides and ruined careers were their steady product. In giving the limit of the law to a mixed crowd of thirty-nine soldiers and civilians recently caught in a raid in Edinburgh the Judge said that it was a scandalous state of affairs to find so many young men in a gambling house when hundreds of thousands of young men were at the front fighting for King and country. Gambling was one of the worst forms of extravagance, and they were asked to economize at the present time, so that they might be able to send the necessary help to these young men to win their country's battles. And if the civilians did not understand this the soldiers among them should have made them.

A Spirited Epitaph.

THE LORE OF EPITAPHS which is as old as the sarcophagi of Egypt is being revived in England in a manner which seems destined to restore this kind of verse to the Grecian simplicity, strength, and beauty it had before the eighteenth century humorists turned it into ridicule. For example, what a big story is crammed into this quatrain—a good fellow, a good soldier who met death as he had lived, his patriotism and his consciousness of his country's need:

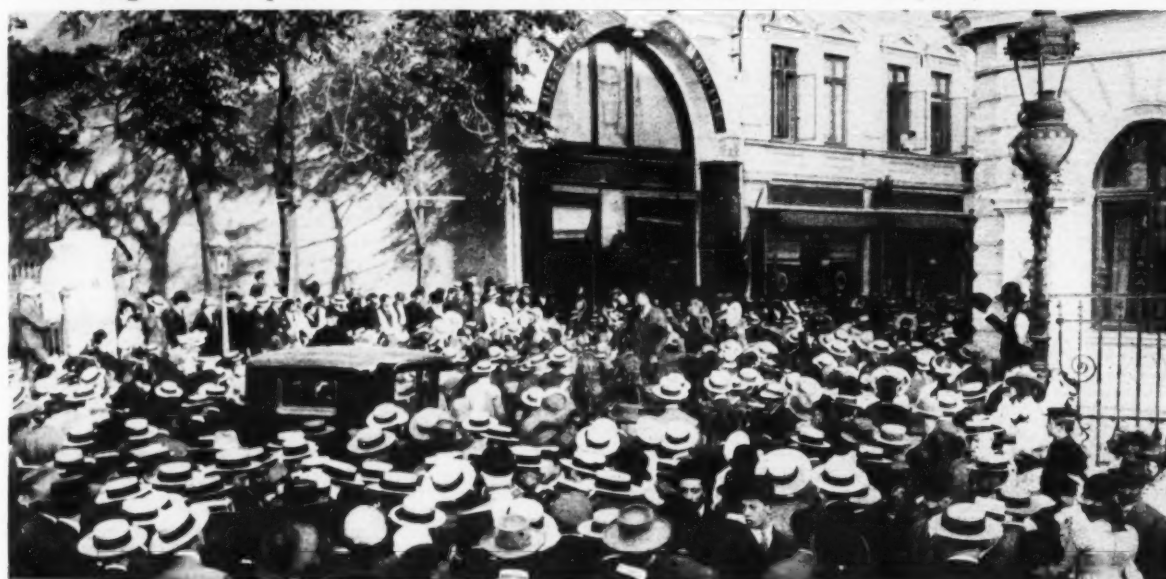
Poor old Bill! He left this place
With smoking gun and smiling face;
But Bill won't mind if some good chap
Will follow up and fill the gap.

Everybody knows "Bill," and his epitaph will dwell in many memories.

Rumania Is Tossed by Surges of War Sentiment.



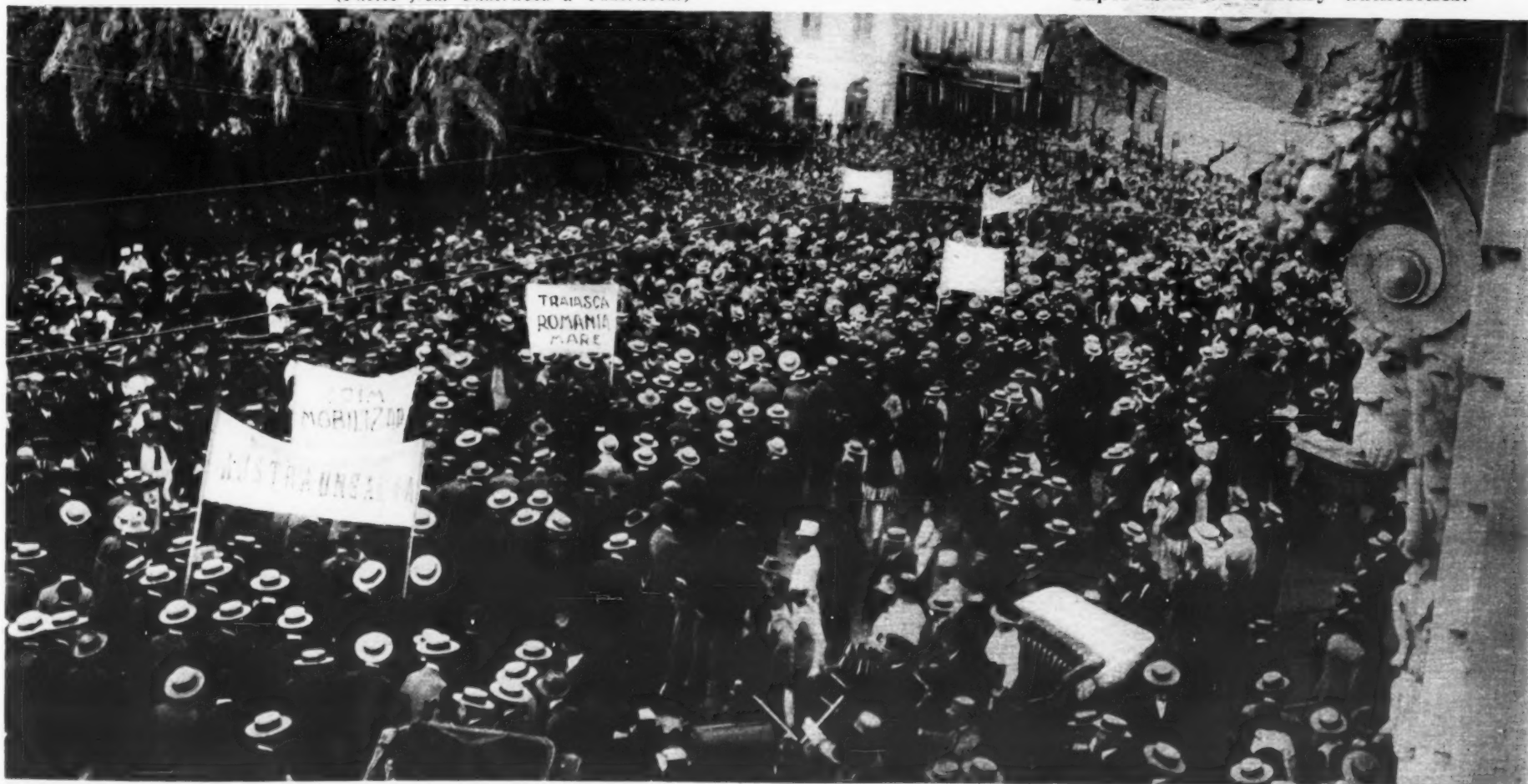
Rumanian soldiers drawn up in a street of Bucharest to prevent rioting on the part of the more violent adherents of the war party.



Demonstrations in favor of the participation of Rumania in the war have been frequent recently in Bucharest and in the smaller cities and towns of the little Balkan State.
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



Rumanian soldiers being inoculated by a civilian physician under the supervision of military authorities.



A huge organized demonstration in the Rumanian capital by the war party. The banners read: "We Want Mobilization!" "Down with Austria!" "Let Us Help Our Brothers in Arms!" and "We Want War!"

Italy's Gorizian Campaign Against Austria



A detachment of Italian infantry marching across a bridge over the Isonzo River in territory newly occupied by the soldiers of King Victor Emmanuel. The bridge, which is composed of cement, has just been built by Italian engineers.

(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)



An Italian anti-aircraft gun being aimed against an Austrian flyer just sighted by the Bersaglieri manning the gun.



Generals Cadorna and Porro, the leading field commanders of Italy's forces, on board an airship for a flight over the Isonzo lines. The generals are the two first figures at the left on the aeroplane.

The Austrians Opposition to Italy's Advance



An Austrian volunteer corps of cyclists headed for the Isonzo front.



A 120-centimeter searchlight under convoy to the Austrian front to play its part in averting night attacks by the Italians.
(Photos from Underwood & Underwood.)

On the Frontier of the Unknown



A scene in the centre of the City of Tirano, Albania, which is on the road from Durazzo, Albania, to Monastir, Serbia; the road follows the valley of the Shkumbi, via Elbassan.



By Walter Littlefield

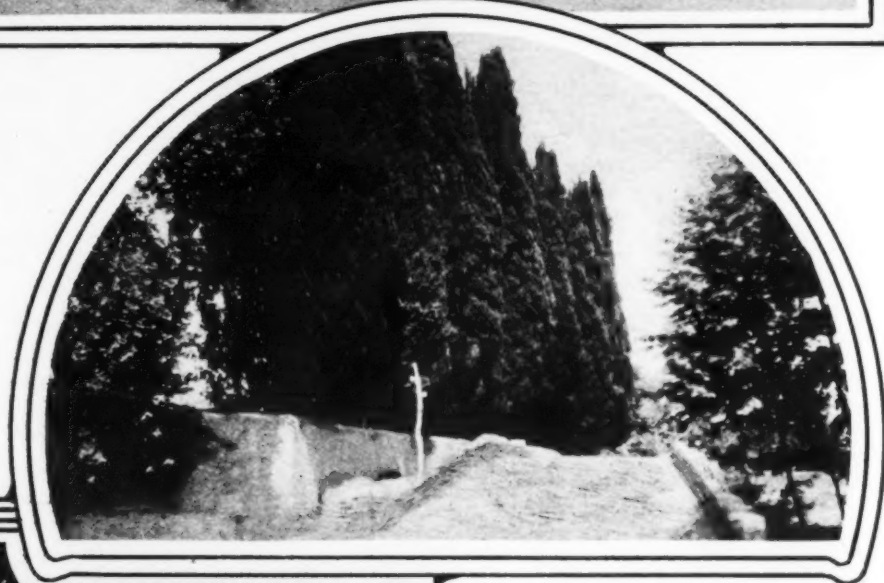
THERE IS, OF COURSE, NO doubt as to the way the Montenegrins will receive the defeated Serbs, but Berlin seems to imagine that their reception will be different in Albania. Berlin is mistaken.

The Montenegrins are racial brothers of the Serbs, and prior to the battle of Kossovo, 1389, they formed one people. From that battle the nobles escaped from the Turkish invaders. They went into the Black Mountains and formed the Principality of Crnagora, today the Kingdom of Montenegro. The peasants remained and for 500 years were the slaves of the Turks. From this peasant stock sprang the present Serbian nation, now making its last stand against the Teutons and their allies, the Bulgars, those descendants of a Mongol tribe, who boast of Slavonic or Teutonic origin as it pleases their Government to tabulate them.

There is a known and an unknown Albania. The former may be read about in books, the latter may only be learned from the Albanians themselves. It is the former which Berlin believes will deny an asylum to the Serbs. So certain is it of this that it overlooks the possibility that, because of this un-

known Albania, the Serbs may not need any asylum after all.

Let us approach the unknown Albania through the known. The Albanians—a people believed to belong to the Indo-European stock—who were driven southward and westward by barbaric invasions, and, finding further migration westward blocked by the Adriatic, settled down in their moun-



A part of the old Roman roadway.



A street of bazaars in Elbassan, an old Albanian town which still plainly shows its Turkish origin.

(Photos from Mrs. A. L. Freer.)



This mountain range separates Serbia from Albania; Lake Ochrida is at its Serbian base. It is in this region that the Serbian Army is concentrating.

tain retreats and there remained lost to the world for a thousand years. They are said to have been successively conquered by the Greeks, Romans, Slavs, and Turks, who have left their stamp upon them in language, religion, and racial instincts. And so they remained until a last evolution was conceived by the Congress of London in 1913, which made them an independent State and gave them a German Prince as King—poor William of Wied, who was obliged to leave the country after five months without having accomplished the Teutonization of it.

The act of the Congress of London was a deplorable mistake, but because nobody knew the unknown Albania it was not recognized as such. Almost alone George Fred Williams, the American Minister at Athens, knew the truth. His enthusiastic desire to impart it cost him his post.

All this is a matter of record. But there is something more. In the first place, nothing whatever—politics, religion, art, or literature—has ever been forced upon the Albanians. They have taken what they pleased from the various invaders and have then driven them hence. And because one family took one thing and another family another and actually quarreled among themselves over the material and even the intellectual and spiritual booty, they have been regarded as the most heterogeneous people in the world, a people who sorely needed unity, cohesion, and





The old town of Tirano, Albania, has seen centuries of wars and of marching soldiers. It is on the Via Egnatia of the Romans, and was used by the Crusaders in their wars.



Greek monastery on Lake Ochrida.

a stable form of government. This was the mistake made by the Congress of London and perpetuated to this day in Berlin.

The Albanians want none of these things. And yet there is one thing which they all have in common—something they have lived for and fought for. That something is individual liberty. With them it is a matter of birthright. And there is something else—this they have a reverence and love for—it is their ingrained belief in their ancient Roman origin. They do not care to follow Gibbon and Mommsen further back.

Albania was the Botany Bay, the Siberia, of the Roman Republic and Empire. Hither were sent all recalcitrants of the political, social, gladiatorial, and military world. Here in these mountains they continued to fight among themselves until history ceased to record their acts. But through all the ages they remained convinced of their superiority, ever proud of the designation they give themselves—"Skipitari"—the eagle's blood.

Two years ago there was talk in Berlin of sending out missionaries to help the Prince of Wied in his Teutonizing campaign. For centuries Albania has been furnishing missionaries to the world, and all quite unnoticed. Albanian Generals have not only commanded the armies of Turkey and Greece, but also those of the States of mediaeval Italy. Albania gave to Rome

the Orsini family and to the Holy See Pope Clement XII. As wealth increased in the mountains the eaglets were sent to be educated in Italy. Today there is hardly a department of the Italian public service that does not boast of one or two of them. There are Albanian colonies in Southern Italy and in Sicily.

No, the Albanians need no missionaries, nor is there any doubt as to the manner in which they will receive the Serbs, if the latter should find it necessary to seek shelter in their moun-

tains. All else is problematical. There are certain conspicuous signs, however.

There are in Albania 1,500,000 people, one-tenth of whom are first-class fighting men. There are two highways leading from the Adriatic coast of Albania into Serbia. Both concentrate at Monastir and each is less than 125 miles in length. The northern one leads from Durazzo, the Dryyachium of the Romans. It is the Via Egnatia and was much used by the Crusaders. It runs up the valley of the Shkumbi via Elbasan and north of Lake Ochrida. The southern road leaves Avlona and runs via Tepeleni and Koritza just south of the lake. At Berat, half way between the two roads, there is a junction of three: one from the north, from Elbasan, and two from the south, from Avlona and from Tepeleni. Thus via Berat, which is thirty-five miles between the two highways, an army could be diverted to the northern or the southern road in a few hours.

No one knows what has been taking place on the Via Egnatia, but on the southern, or Avlona highway, Italian engineers have been at work and Avlona itself is occupied by an Italian army. It is believed that the invading Bulgars will not tarry long in the vicinity of Monastir before they hear from this army and from the Albanians, who are now its enthusiastic hosts.

WALTER LITTLEFIELD.



On the shores of beautiful Lake Ochrida, which lies in Serbia, between Monastir and the boundary of Albania.



This old Roman bridge on the road between Elbasan and Tirano, Albania, is said to be the best preserved example of Roman masonry in the Balkans.



Russia in Ranks from Czar to Peasant



A Russian officer making an observation in the trenches over the ground the Austrian forces are "feeling out" with their artillery.

(Photos © Underwood & Underwood.)



Russian officers in good humor inspecting trenches they have captured from the Germans.



The Czar and his son, the Czarevitch, inspecting troops after the Czar took command of his forces.

The Teutonic Drive over Serbia's Hills



An advanced portion of the German force surging through Serbia has halted for a time in this valley, after penetrating the pass seen in the background.
(Photos © Underwood & Underwood.)



The heir to the throne of Austro-Hungary, Archduke Karl Franz Joseph, inspecting some of the picked forces of the Dual Empire before launching an attack upon the Serbians, who have made a stand before the advancing Austrians.



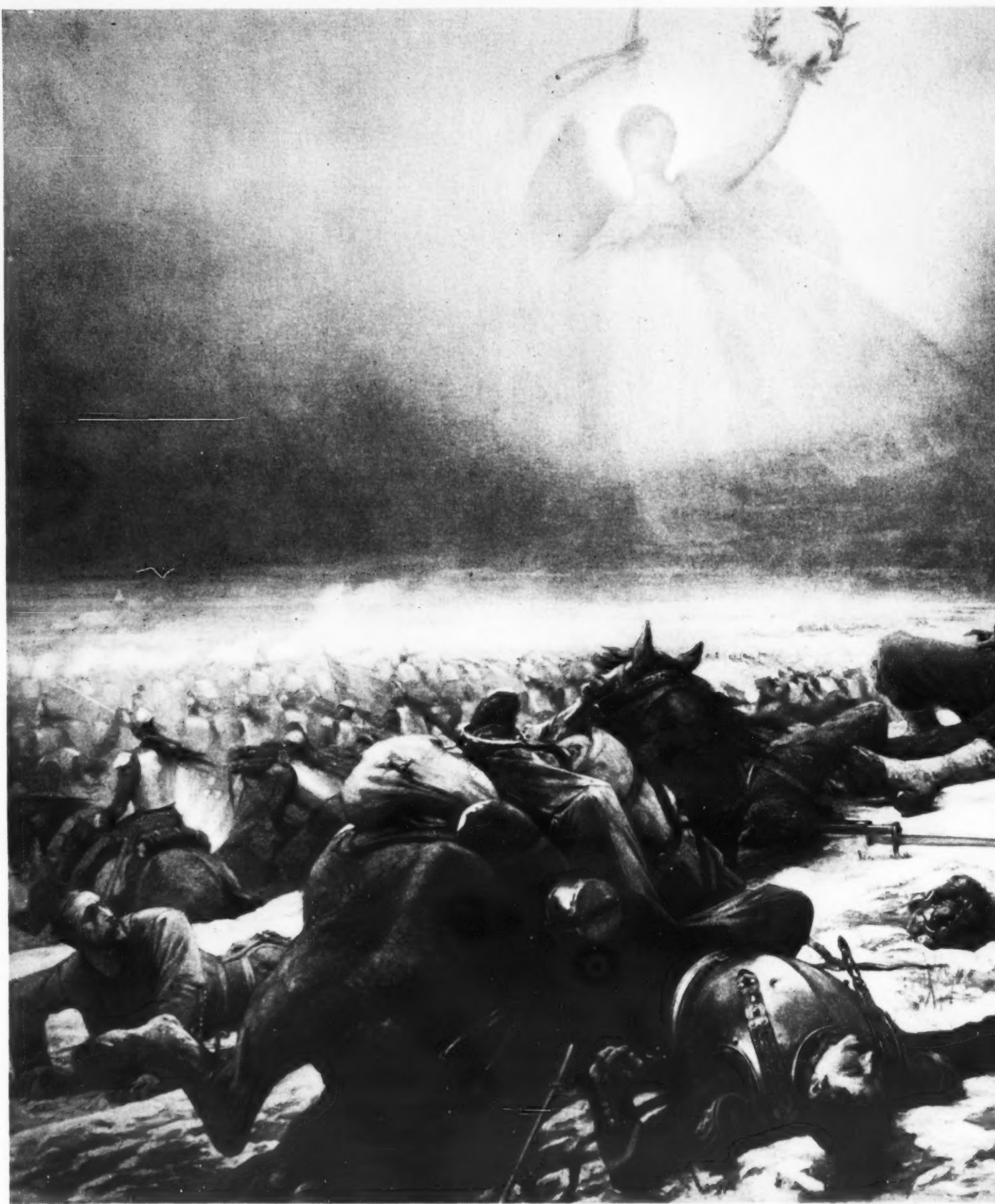
Supplement to The New York Times Mid-Week Pictorial, December 23, 1915.

"Christ On
And I Have Commanded Y



From the painting by E. Debat-Ponsan.

n the Mountain"
led You "That Ye Love One Another!"



Supplement to The New York Times Mid-Week Pictorial, December 2, 1915.

For Co



From a Painting by Lionel Royer.

country!



Supplement to The New York Times Mid-Week Pictorial, December 9, 1915.

The Dance



e of Death.

From the painting by Spangenburg in the Nati

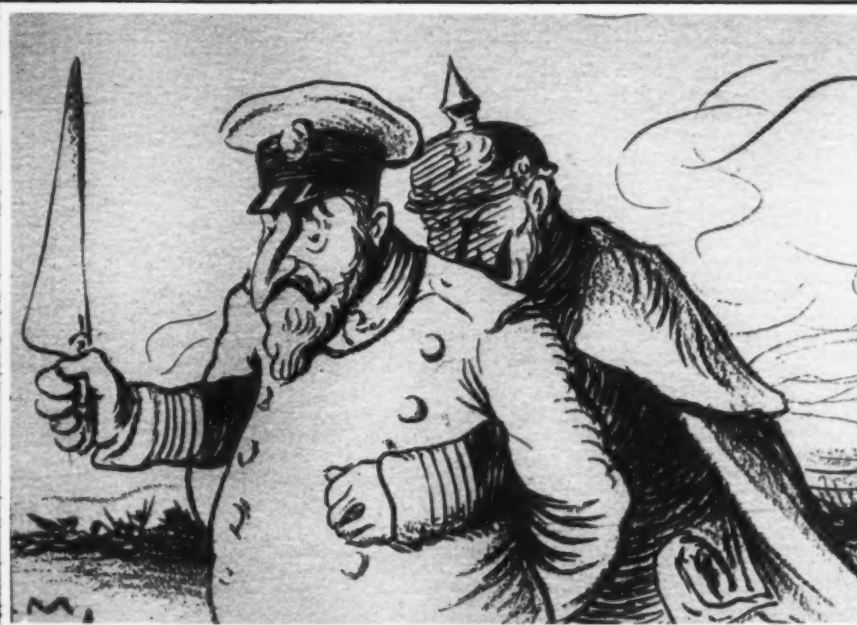
Oversea Cartoons on War Themes



IN GALLIPOLIS the Autumn storms have set in.—(c) *Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin.)



THE TURK'S JOY. "We can go ahead! My most Christian allies will soon be here."—(c) *L'Asino* (Domenica.)



THE ACCOMPLICE. "Forward, Ferdinand! You have the honor of being my left arm."—(c) *Le Rire* (Paris.)



THE AMERICAN DRINK. The British Lion: "Get away, you ass! There's nothing here for you! This is for us only!"—(c) *Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin.)



THE SELF-INVITED GUEST. Sultan (with resignation): "Allah's hand is indeed heavy on his chosen."—*Punch* (London.)

The Humor of War-Worn Peoples

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

"Is the conductress on trolley 98 really so beautiful?"

"You said it! The minute she comes to collect the fares all the men jump up involuntarily to offer her their seats!"—*© Lustige Blaetter (Berlin.)*

"Say, Mister, can you gimme a job?"

"No; we're shutting up shop tomorrow!"

"Want a man to help with the shutters, Mister?"—*© Fliegende Blaetter (Munich.)*

College Student: "Won't you give me something for this good-as-new lexicon?"

"Sorry! We only buy entire libraries!"

"But that is my entire library!"—*© Fliegende Blaetter (Munich.)*

This incident occurred in the provincial hospital at Macon:

A Red Cross nurse had just left the bedside of a wounded soldier, a sturdy Moroccan, who, as soon as the lady was out of sight, burst into hearty laughter. The Major, who was passing, inquired the reason for his hilarity.

"This is the third time," explained the wounded man, "that I have been cared for in different hospitals, and also the third time that a good Red Cross nurse has had me baptized."

One shudders to think what might have happened if nurses of different religious faiths had tackled the Moroccan together.

—*© La Vie Parisienne (Paris.)*

"Pretty Polly! The star witness in my divorce suit! She can repeat just beautifully all the frightful things my husband says to me!"

—*© Budilnik (Alarm-Clock) Moscow.*

AUNTY-AIRCRAFT.

A married daughter living "somewhere in London" was asked to wire home if safe after Zeppelin raid. The following telegram was received in reply:

"Aunt talked so hard we heard neither bombs nor guns."

—*© Punch (London.)*



MADE IN GERMANY.

"Mabel, go on with your work, and don't gnaw your pencil."

"But, Miss Finch, I'm only gnawing off 'Bavaria.'"—*Punch, (London.)*

"Has the Post Adjutant not proposed to you yet, Frida?"

"N-no! But he has told me his favorite dishes!"

—*© Fliegende Blaetter (Munich.)*

Host (to waiter): "Put this rose beside the Collector's plate! It's his birthday today, and, besides, the fish is a bit off!"

—*© Fliegende Blaetter (Munich.)*

Amusing Tidbits Culled from the Periodicals of the Nations at War



"Novels are not the right kind of reading for you, Ella! At your age I always read children's stories!"

"Heavens, yes, mother! Times were different then! Why, you told me that papa was your first love!"—*© Fliegende Blaetter, (Munich.)*

You may show your wife, your horse, your arms to your comrade, but never entrust them to him.

The devil knows what is right, only he will never do it.—*Karadjich, (Belgrade.)*

You are free to choose the kind of death you prefer!"

"May I trust your word?" ventured the Serb.

"Does the Sultan ever break his promise?"

"Well, then, I choose to die by the death of old age."—*Odjek, (Belgrade.)*

Sentimental confidences. Maria: "Ah, dear Titi! It was the most terrible moment of my life when Otto left me to go back to Germany. I wanted to blow my brains out, but didn't have the money with which to buy a revolver."

Titina: "Ah, my poor friend! Why didn't you let me know?"—*L'Asino, (Milan.)*

Among the most useful instruments with which Nature has blessed man are—elbows!

—*© Fliegende Blaetter (Munich.)*

We were awaiting a train the other day at the Pontarlier Station. A few steps away a "poilu," on leave of absence, was telling some comrades about



AT BIARRITZ.

"If this weather continues we won't suffer much from the Winter campaign!"—*© Le Rire, (Paris.)*

his war experiences. Proudly, he showed them a bracelet watch which the Commanding General had given him with the military medal of honor.

"I'm particularly fond of that. It's the most precious thing in the world to me," he said.

"How about your wife?" inquired one of the group.

"Oh, my wife isn't jealous. She realizes that the watch takes precedence."

—*© La Vie Parisienne (Paris.)*

IN THE RESTAURANT.

"Max, dear, I'm sure the mathematician at the next table is watching us!"

"Why, treasure?"

"Because the instant you said you were ready to go to the end of the world with me he took out his pencil and began to count up how long it would take!"

—*© Fliegende Blaetter (Munich.)*

At the Police Court: "Ivan, how many witnesses in that street row case?" Eight, Sir! Four men, two women, a girl, and a college boy!

—*© Budilnik (Alarm-Clock) Moscow.*

"Yes, Ivan Ivanovitch! You've got an uncommonly fine bride! How many * * *?"

"Eighteen * * *!"

"Thousands? Bravo!"

"No! Years!"

—*© Budilnik (Alarm-Clock) Moscow.*



IN THE SCHOOL OF IMPERIALISM.

"What did God create on the first day?"

"The German!"

"And on the second day?"

"The world—for the German!"—*© L'Asino, (Rome.)*

A FLATTERING EXPLANATION.

Fraulein: "Just imagine! While I was taking my singing lesson, the goldfish jumped out of the bowl and lay gasping on the carpet!"

Maid: "Poor thing! * * * It must have been trying to escape!"

—*© Fliegende Blaetter (Munich.)*

Club Member (on leave): "Friends, you must have forgotten me! A week ago was my birthday, and I didn't get a present from you!"

"Forgotten nothing! We had a bowl of punch to your health!"

—*© Fliegende Blaetter (Munich.)*

Vague figure of Woodrow, viewed by opposition groups of belligerents: "You can't tell what that blooming American has in his hand: a sword—or an olive branch—or simply a dollar bill!"

—*© Budilnik (Alarm-Clock) Moscow.*

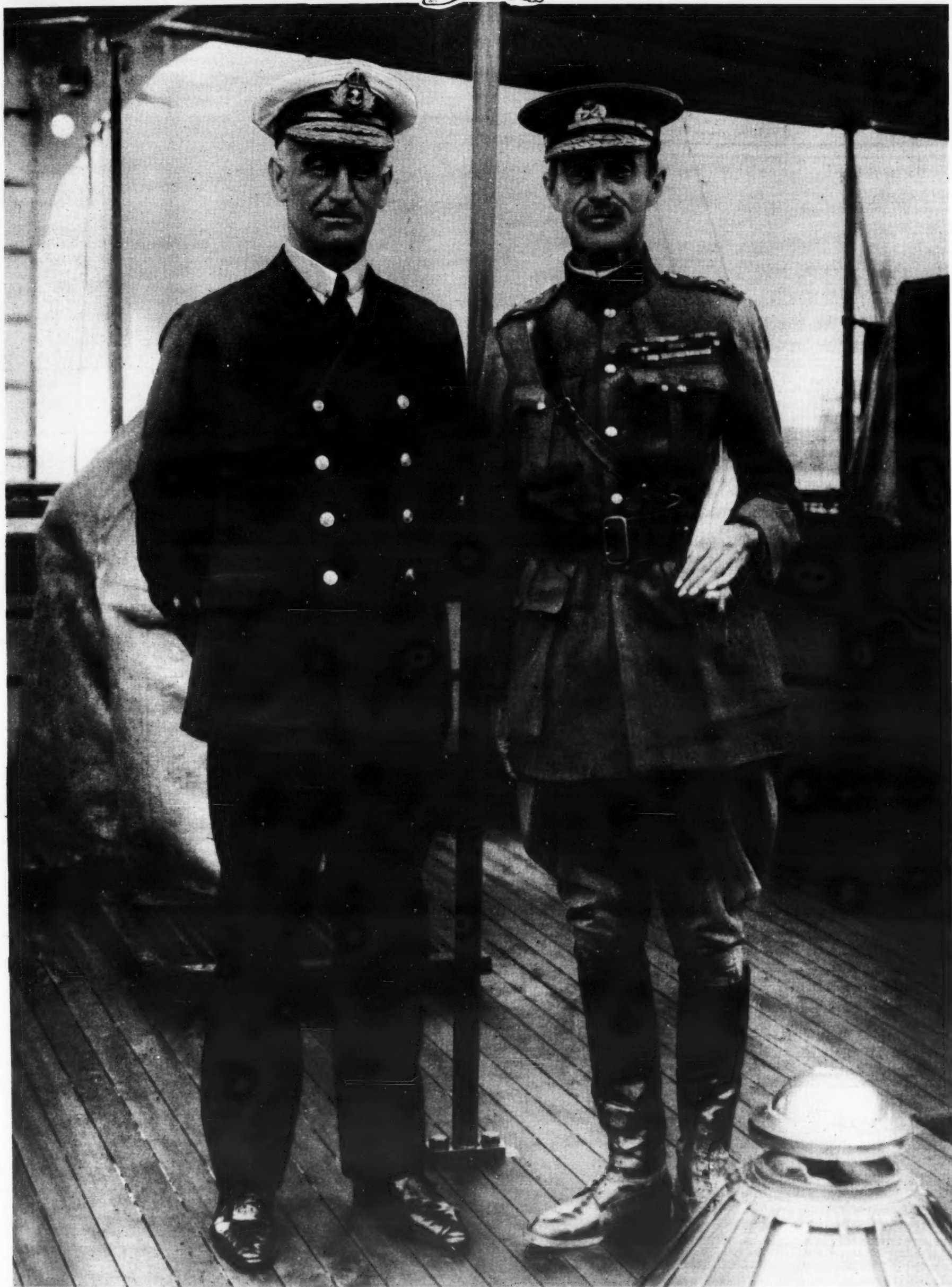
"Say what you please, there is something awfully taking about the Austrians!"

"How so?"

"We've taken six hundred thousand of them!"

—*© Budilnik (Alarm-Clock) Moscow.*

Leaders of Britain's Attack on the Dardanelles



Admiral de Roebeck and General Sir Ian Hamilton on board H. M. S. Triad on the afternoon of the General's departure for England. The movement headed by these veterans of naval and military affairs is reported to be abandoned in order that the Allies may concentrate strength upon the relief of Serbia's forces.

(Photo from American Press Assn.)